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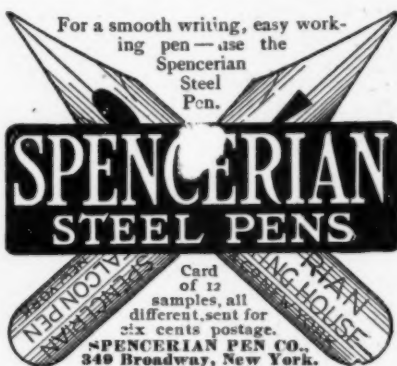
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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVIII.

No. 3321 February 29, 1908.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCLVI.

CONTENTS

I.	Portugal. <i>By Oswald Crawford</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	515
II.	As Others See Us. <i>By Mildred Isenmonger</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	530
III.	The Return of the Emigrant. Chapter XXVII. Barabel Goes to Mr. Rory. Chapter XXVIII. Mr. Rory Makes a Few Remarks. <i>By Lydia Miller Mackay</i> (To be continued)		538
IV.	The All Red Route. <i>By W. P. Reeves</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	545
V.	Green Cushions. <i>By Mrs. George Norman</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	554
VI.	The Salon	TIMES	557
VII.	The Real Hero of the North-West Passage. <i>By Alfred Smythe</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	562
VIII.	The New Session	ECONOMIST	569
IX.	Ouida	OUTLOOK	571
X.	Amelie d'Orleans. <i>By Frank Taylor</i>	SPECTATOR	572
XI.	The Love of the Obvious	SATURDAY REVIEW	572

A PAGE OF VERSE

XII.	Rhodanthe; on Herself, Grown Old. <i>By Rosamund Marriott Watson</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	514
XIII.	Fate. <i>By Susan Marr Spalding</i>		514
XIV.	To the World and a Poet a Thousand Years Hence. <i>By James Flecker</i>	NATION	514
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		574



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

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RHODANTHE; ON HERSELF,
GROWN OLD.

(After RUFINIS.)

I am the monument of fair things slain,
The living tomb of Beauty and of
Youth:

Small tenderness hast thou, O Time,
or ruth,

That these should perish and myself
remain.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

FATE.

Two shall be born, the whole wide
world apart,

And speak in different tongues, and
have no thought

Each of the other's being—and have no
heed;

And these o'er unknown seas to un-
known lands

Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying
death,

And, all unconsciously, shape every act
To this one end—

That, one day, out' of darkness, they
shall meet,

And read Life's meaning in each oth-
er's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way
of life,

So nearly side by side that should one
turn

Ever so little space, to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged,
face to face;

And yet, with wistful eyes that never
meet,

With groping hands that never clasp,
and lips

Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary
days

And die unsatisfied. And that is Fate.

Susan Marr Spalding.

TO THE WORLD AND A POET A
THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

I.

I who am dead a thousand years
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send living men these messengers
Down through the night: and night
is long.

I fear, O princely race of men,
That still you doubt, as heretofore,
And die, not knowing where or when,
And hope to learn a little more.

How shall man alter? Like a wind
That falls at eve, his fancies blow.
Alas, Maenides the blind
Knew that three thousand years ago.

Nothing to me what palaces
You build, or what new dress you
wear,
Or if you sail beneath the seas,
Or ride in triumph through the air.

For still your thieves grip fast the gold,
Your good men plod their sulky
way:

The roses fade: the girls grow old:
The children have no holiday.

But have you converse, wine, and
song,

And statues, and a bright-eyed Love,
And foolish thoughts of right and
wrong,

And prayers to them that sit above?

II.

Thou student of our English tongue
Who redest this at night, alone,
Art thou a poet, art thou young,
Dear friend, unseen, unborn, un-
known?

Since I can never see thy face,
And never shake thee by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet thee: thou wilt understand.

Thou standest far, and cloudy Time
With ghostly pageant fills the air
Between us: yet this tinkling rhyme
Endureth till the world despair.

The warrior Sun may fall us soon,
Forgetful of his lucid might,
The myriad children of the Moon
May one by one put out their light.

But till beside his blackening spheres
The wings of Time be folded fast,
'Till there are none to count the years
The murmur of our loves shall last.

James Flecker.

The Nation.

PORTUGAL.

Travellers going south by sea from these shores, when they have left the unquiet waters of the Bay of Biscay behind them and get their first sight of the Peninsular mountains on the steamer's port bow, must often have asked themselves, How has it come to be that, in this huge Iberian Peninsula, one little slice of territory, facing the western sea, has remained independent throughout the ages, when so many other and seemingly more powerful principalities have tottered and gone to the ground? Is the country too mountainous and inaccessible to permit invasion and conquest, like Wales, or our British Highlands? Or is there some peculiar virtue or quality in the inhabitants of this corner of the land that has served to keep it free and untainted by the foot of the conqueror? Or, again, has some one great man stood forth in the hour of his country's need, repelled the invader and left lasting traditions of freedom and independence, never afterwards to be forgotten? Nearly all these questions can be answered in the affirmative, and Portugal owes her existence to this day as a nation not to any one of the circumstances here suggested but to all of them conjointly.

The territory of Portugal is in point of fact a huge fortress whose enceinte is constituted by ranges of mountains in the north and in the east, and by the sea on its western and southern frontiers; but no fortress is safe from attack and capture unless the garrison is adequate, and the Portuguese have shown themselves at all times of their history, from the first forlorn hope of their uprising, under Sertorius, against the Romans, a people apt for freedom and strong and stout in opposing foreign domination.

The country is indeed hard of access,

but not inaccessible, as has been proved in every age of its history, and, compared to almost any part of Spain, its fertility, the amenity of its climate, and the richness of its soil have invited invasion. There is nothing in Portugal resembling the vast, arid, sunburnt, central tableland which constitutes nine-tenths of the neighboring country. The whole kingdom, sloping from the frontier mountains to the sea, forms a succession of fertile valleys interspersed with rich alluvial plains, watered by innumerable rivers, streams, brooks, rivulets, and water-springs; the air, tempered by breezes from the sea and mountains and made agreeable by wood and stream, is far more genial than that of the great Spanish tableland. It is a region that has been coveted by the dwellers on the barren Iberian uplands in an age when agricultural wealth was nearly the only wealth. In the early days of savagedom this region was eagerly colonized by Rome, and, later on, seized and settled on by Gothic tribes from the North, and, after that, appropriated by the Mahometan Moors. It was against these latter, and against the several nations of Spain that were beginning to rise to power against the yoke of Islam, that the first effectual struggle for freedom was made by the inhabitants of Portugal, a struggle that ended in the constitution of the nation which is now modern Portugal.

It might have seemed at first a hopeless struggle against overwhelming and impossible odds, and that the issue of independence could only be reached by a miracle. When seeming miracles come to pass in human affairs they generally happen by the action of some heroic personage who is also a man of genius. So it was with Portugal, and her hero, a greater one by far than the

nearly contemporary Cid, El Campeador, in Spain, was the conqueror, Afonso Henriquez. The deeds of this Portuguese Warrior King are authentically recorded in the dry chronicles of three nationalities, and in geographical and historic events whose effects and consequences subsist to our day. The actions of the Spanish champion, a *condottiere* captain who fought for his own hand mainly, now with, now against the infidels, were internationally as fruitless as the victories in the Trojan war. They have left no trace in history, they are suspected indeed to be partly mythical, but the memory of them lives, and will live always, for they are recorded in one of the great epics of the world. On the other hand, we can only painfully pick out the greater epic of which Afonso Henriquez is the hero from the dry annals of contemporary chroniclers.

Portugal has had two great epochs during which the doings of its people were of international importance and have left their mark enduringly on the history of the world. The first, the long fight for freedom under King Afonso Henriquez, nearly synchronized with the second and unsuccessful crusade and was indeed itself a crusade, for the Portuguese king and his people were fighting the battle of Christian Europe for the Cross as strenuously and as effectively, in Lusitania, as Godfrey de Bouillon and Richard Cœur de Lion fought for it in Syria. The news had come to northern Europe that a champion of the Faith was holding his own against the Crescent in Portugal; and when the king resolved to attack and besiege the central Moorish stronghold at Lisbon, he obtained the help of a large body of crusaders from North Germany and the Low Countries who sailed for the East from the mouths of the Rhine and put in at Dartmouth. Here they were joined by a numerous English contingent. At the Portuguese

king's invitation they sailed for the mouth of the River Douro and landed at Oporto. Thence they marched southwards under the Portuguese banners to the mouth of the Tagus, and with the Portuguese army laid siege to Lisbon.

The siege was prolonged. It represented the final collision in Portugal of the forces of Cross and Crescent. The Cross prevailed in the end and Islam fell, and with it the Moslem power in Portugal north of the mountain range which separated Portugal from the kingdom of Algarve in the south. The conqueror spared the citizens of Lisbon. The religious fanaticism and intolerance that have marked later periods of Iberian history were then unknown, and the great Moorish city continued its prosperous existence under equal laws imposed by its conqueror. Evidence of the humane tolerance of the Portuguese is clear to this day to any one who passes from any northern city of the kingdom to Lisbon. The type of the Lisbon crowds is still that of the dark Moorish race who dwell in Tangiers and Fez.

Afonso Henriquez, king, patriot, conqueror and legislator, the real maker of Portugal, was succeeded during the first century of Portuguese history by monarchs who followed in his footsteps and maintained his great traditions. This is the first and most glorious period in the history of Portugal, but there has been a second memorable epoch in which Portugal has stood forth prominent among the nations and done more than her share to advance the civilization of the world.

King Pedro, surnamed the Severe, the protagonist in the tragedy of Donna Inez de Castro—the strangest and most romantic episode in the history of the Peninsula—left as his successor his son Ferdinand, who was crowned in 1367. Ferdinand, as romantic and as turbulent and as am-

bitious as his father, was a man of weaker fibre. He broke faith with the King of Arragon, whose daughter he had engaged to marry, and falling in love with the beautiful Donna Leonora Telles, daughter of a provincial gentleman, eventually married her. The king had at this time laid claim to the throne of Castile and signed a treaty of alliance with Edward the Third of England. Eventually an English contingent landed in Portugal, but King Ferdinand, under the influence of Donna Leonora, deserted the English by whom the country was ravaged. King Ferdinand died, and his widow, who had been an unfaithful wife, assumed the regency and tyrannized over the country with the help of her lover. She had intrigued with Castile, and it was arranged that the King of Castile should marry Beatrice, the late king's daughter, and that Leonora should be regent of Portugal till Beatrice's eldest son should come of age.

The tyranny of the low-born regent was oppressive and hateful to the Portuguese people of all classes till a deliverer was found in Dom John, Grand Master of the Knights of Avis, an illegitimate son of Pedro the Severe, and therefore a half-brother of the late King Ferdinand. A successful insurrection broke out in Lisbon, headed by Dom John. Leonora fled to the provinces and besought aid of the King of Castile. Dom John was declared defender of Portugal. He sought and obtained the help of England, and he imprisoned Donna Leonora in a convent at Tordesillas, where she shortly afterwards died. In the meantime the armies of Castile besieged Lisbon and were repelled, and a little later the new regent obtained two signal victories over the Castilians. It was after this that an assembly of the Portuguese notables declared the defender, John of Avis, King of Portugal; but while the

ambition of the Spanish king remained unabated, and the disparity in numbers and population between Castile and Portugal was so great, the independence of the smaller kingdom was in constant danger. It was saved by the genius of the bastard king and the spirit and valor of his people. At the little village of Aljubarrota the forces of Castile and Portugal met. With the Portuguese ranks five hundred English archers did great service. The Spaniards were routed, and another Portuguese victory, a little later at Valverde, assured the dominance of Portugal. A year later John of Gaunt arrived in Portugal with five thousand picked troops from England. The Castilians were cowed and sued for peace, and the alliance with England was sealed by the Portuguese king's marriage with Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt.

The later years of this great ruler were signalized by victories over the Moors in Africa, and by triumphs of another and far more enduring kind. Of the king's three sons, all of them successful captains constant in warfare against the Spaniards, the eldest was that famous prince who has since been surnamed Henry the Navigator. This remarkable man had fought pre-vaillingly against the Moors by sea and land, and was eventually placed by the king in chief command in Algarve, then not long wrested from the Moors. The mountain range that runs east to west in the north of the province separates Algarve militarily and climatically from Portugal and Europe. South of that range Africa has been said to begin: the green luxuriance of Portugal ceases, the land is dry and barren, and the palmetto and aloe with other sub-tropical shrubs take the place of the deciduous trees and underwoods of the kindlier regions to the north. The rocky promontory of Sagres is the Atlantic termination of the dividing

mountain range. Here the Portuguese had built a great sea fort, and here Prince Henry was placed by the king, his father, in command of a small army of observation and a fleet. From Sagres he could watch the threatening action of the still powerful fleets and forces of the Moors of the Africa main. Here Prince Henry built an astronomical observatory, studied the then almost unknown art and science of navigation, and despatched exploring expeditions at his own cost into the unknown ocean to the south and to the west. He discovered Madeira and the Azores and explored the eastern coast of Africa as far south as Cape Bolador in the Tropics. Prince Henry's fame presently drew to Sagres, as to a college of the science of navigation, the sons of Portuguese nobles, who caught from him that spirit of maritime enterprise which during the succeeding centuries made Portugal what she still is, one of the great colonizing nations of the world. The rare and difficult art of colonization was not learnt in a day by Portugal, but it has never been forgotten. Other and wealthier nations have lost most of their oversea holdings, or keep them still with a rule so rigorous that it means servitude. The colonial kingdom of Portugal, under a wiser and more tolerant policy, has endured, not intact, indeed, but still a valuable and extensive kingdom beyond the seas.

The splendid example then set by Prince Henry the Navigator was followed up by Portuguese explorers and adventurers for nearly two centuries, and led to achievements and conquests of which the whole world is aware. It led to the great discoveries of Vasco da Gama, Pedro Cabral, Amerigo Vespucci, and Magalhaes in the East and West Indies respectively, and to the conquests and tenure of part of India by Albuquerque; but these great triumphs must not diminish

the fame of the man who first, in an age of comparative darkness, ignorance, and superstition, braved the terrors which the unknown seas then held for learned and simple alike.

Will this small nation of barely three millions of inhabitants ever again play a predominant part in the history of the world? In the modern race of the nations for wealth Portugal has established no record. It is still a small and agricultural nation, striving, by means of what a Free-trader must consider a vicious system of Protection, after industrial wealth which it has never attained and will never attain. It contains, however, in its most prosperous regions, the district lying immediately north and south of the River Douro, an object-lesson in the prosperity of its yeoman farmers. This is a region where, by a slow struggle of the farmer against all the forces above him, feudal, ecclesiastic, and governmental, the small farmer has gradually won to independence and prosperity as a holder of the land. It would take more pages than this whole number contains to tell the full story of this struggle for existence and freedom which has ended in constituting a body of small yeoman farmers, their country's real strength, the like of whom is hardly to be found elsewhere.

It was mainly from among this yeomanry, from the provinces of Minho, of the two Beiras, and of Tras-os-Montes, that the regiments were recruited who fought side by side with our troops in the Peninsular War, whose hardiness and whose good pluck were the admiration of our men and officers, and of whom Wellington himself said that they were "the fighting-cocks of the Peninsula."

Space does not allow of any account of, or discussion upon, the connection and alliances that have existed between Great Britain and Portugal, but there is every reason to believe that our

ancient ally would look to us once more if ever her independence were threatened, and would not look in vain. The value of a nation as a fighting factor lies far less in its wealth and its numbers than in the spirit and warlike capacity of its people, and, so reckoned, Portugal will always count as high in the future as it has in the past. Apart from personal considerations, apart from the mutual faith and loyalty that has for centuries prevailed between Portugal and Great Britain, it is obvious that Portugal, with her long Atlantic seaboard and the finest harbors in western Europe, must ever be in alliance with the nation that holds command of the broad and narrow seas.

So far as tourists and travellers are concerned, Portugal has ever been a Cinderella among European nations. Few foreigners have studied her deeply, and very few have written with any wide knowledge of her history, her literature, her art, the ways and character and manners of her people, or the charms of her wonderful scenery and climate. The occasional tourist, French, German, and English, has indeed written cursory works on his impressions, but the impressions of the passing stranger who is unacquainted with the language of a country are never worth much. The popular idea of Portugal, in my own experience, is that it is a sort of second-class Spain, the people lazy and idle, the language ugly and difficult, the literature poor. This report, absolutely and demonstrably false as it is, would be corroborated by most Spaniards. Neighbor nations seldom love each other. They seldom understand each other, and Spaniards and Portuguese are no exception. This attitude towards each other has been likened to that of two men sitting back to back on a bench who will neither turn nor speak to each other.

It is of course an error to consider

either Spaniards or Portuguese as a single race. Galicians, Asturians, Aragonese, Castilians, and Andalusians differ among themselves as much as the man of northern Portugal from the dweller south of the Tagus. The difference in both countries is often as marked as that between Germans and Italians.

Portugal has been less written about than perhaps any country of its size and importance in Europe. The difficult Portuguese language has been a bar to the traveller and travel-writer. It happens, however, that an excellent travel book on Portugal has just appeared. Tourist book would be a better name for Major Hume's *Through Portugal*. It is only the record of a hasty passage through the country, but the writer is anything but a hasty writer or a superficial observer. He is a close student and accepted authority on the affairs of Spain—*cosas d'Espana*—and he came to Portugal, as he confesses, possessed of some of the common prejudices of the Spaniard about Portugal and the Portuguese. These prejudices were quickly dissipated when the author crossed the frontier.

I had been brought up [says Major Hume] in the stiff Castilian tradition that Portugal was altogether an inferior country, and the Portuguese uncouth boors who in their separation from their Spanish kinsmen had left to the latter all the virtues whilst they themselves had retained all the vices of the race. But withal I chose Portugal, and have made this book my Apologia as a self-prescribed penance for my former injustice towards the most beautiful country and the most unspoilt and courteous peasantry in Southern Europe. Portugal and the Portuguese, indeed, have fairly conquered me, and the voyage of which some of the incidents are here set forth was for me a continual and unadulterated delight from beginning to end, bringing to me refreshment and renewed vigor of soul, mind, and body,

opening to my eyes, though they had seen much of the world, prospects of beauty unsurpassed in my experience, and revealing objects of antiquarian and artistic interest unsuspected by most of those to whom the attractions of the regular record of European travel have grown flat and familiar.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of such a verdict coming from such a source. I need only say that it corroborates and entirely coincides with my own opinion of the people, arrived at by living among them during many long years.

It is more than fifteen years since I left Portugal, but the country is one where change comes seldom and comes slowly. In hardly anything has there been movement and alteration, except in accessibility from the outside. Portugal, a little while ago, was hardly to be reached except by sea. Now there is good and direct railway connection from Calais with Oporto and with Lisbon. It was then a country for the traveller and not for the tourist. Major Hume dwells upon its fitness for tourist travel at the present time. With this difference of geographical accessibility Portugal is, as I have said, nearly the same now as it was ten, twenty, perhaps fifty years ago. It is an agricultural country, and in its most prosperous provinces it is a land of small proprietors, farmed by the holders themselves. I speak chiefly of the region north of the Tagus. In a country where protected commerce has no scope for development there is no reason for progress, and to speak, for a Free-trader, a little boldly, no need. On a twenty-acre farm there can be no room for improved agricultural machinery, or for steam ploughs, reapers, or threshers. The land is mainly hilly, the fields are tiny and often built up into terraces by supporting walls, and their surface broken by the leaders and water-chan-

nels that, in the growing season, conduct the waters of irrigation to grass, roots, and cereal crops alike. The action of an improved Newcastle plough and a pair of sixteen-hand cart-horses on such cramped ground would resemble the gambols of a mad bull in a china-shop. The Roman colonists in Portugal hit upon the most fitting implement wherewith to work such fields. It is represented on innumerable ancient bas-reliefs. The Roman plough, in its simpler form, is still the implement employed on the mountain farms of Portugal. It is drawn by the slow and amenable ox who turns, stops, or goes forward at a word or a touch, and treads deliberately, feeling his way amid the gourds and watermelons that encumber every Portuguese stubble-field. This plough is little more than the crooked branch of some hard-wood tree, cut from the nearest wood, of cornel or wild cherry, shod with iron and driven with a single stilt. It is so light that a man can lift it from the ground, and, when the day's work is done, the ploughman slings it between the yokes of his oxen, and thus illustrates that line of Virgil which must have puzzled many an English school-boy:

Aspice aratra iugo referunt suspensa iuvencl.

All the operations of the farm, indeed, are conducted as the Romans conducted them, except that maize has become a cereal crop in Portugal, ever since it was imported from Brazil by the Portuguese colonists of that country in the seventeenth century, and that the Portuguese have learned from the Moors the use of the eastern water-wheel, the *Nora*, to draw up the water of wells and low-lying rivers.

The vine is still trained to the poplar or the elm, as in ancient Italy, or run over lofty trellis-work as it still con-

tinues to be in some other countries where the Romans have left their farm traditions. The wine is made to-day just as the Roman agricultural writers directed it to be made two thousand years ago. The fermentation is still checked by the fumes of burning sulphur, as it was in Roman times, and the traveller who drinks the common wines of Portugal may be sure that he tastes the selfsame liquor that Horace drank and sang of on his Sabine farm. There is but one difference: it was then preserved in earthen jars (*amphoræ*), and now in oaken barrels; but the Roman amphora, unchanged in shape and material, is still to be seen in rural Portugal. It is borne on the women's heads to carry water from every village well.

The tourist who is guided by Major Hume's advice and betakes him to Portugal will, if he possess interest in those ancient ways that are slowly leaving the world, find a great deal to see and study of old-world life that he can hardly find elsewhere.

The political tourist, if such a being exists in these frivolous times, will, I fear, not discover much to interest or instruct him in Portuguese political institutions and Portuguese ways of government. The constitution of Portugal was partly assumed by, partly thrust upon the nation at a time when it may have fondly believed that a representative government was a salve for all political ill-doing. We have taken a thousand years over the making and patching of our form of government, and men of all parties find flaws in it still. The Portuguese constitution, coming piecemeal to the country, is hardly eighty years old, and the best that can be said of it is that it took the place of very miserable methods of government, and that the Portuguese, being on the whole a shrewd and reasonable people, have made a better use of their constitution, under a

line of wise and liberal monarchs, than could have been expected.

It cannot, however, be urged by the most friendly critic of the Portuguese people that they have not been deplorably misgoverned. By common assent of the Portuguese themselves who are not active members of a political party, bribery, corruption, bad faith between governors and governed, and consequent maladministration, are rife in every department of State. These facts have indeed become by-words among the people of all classes in the country. They are the topics of everyday talk in street and marketplace. It is a sad confession for a Liberal to have to make that the representative institutions under which one race thrives may work as poison in the body politic of another race, and that a political constitution must emanate from the genius of a people, and not be thrust upon them. Since the days when our political pedants prescribed representative institutions as heal-alls to the nations of the world, we have lived and learned. The Portuguese, a wise, long-suffering people, have lived, have suffered, and have learned too. Taking them as a whole, the Portuguese are perhaps the most unanimously patriotic people in the world. This great quality in them, existent from the remote past, is still strong, and will be sure to guide them to high issues in the future, as it has in the past. The welfare, the greatness, and the independence of their country is the end set vaguely in the mind of every self-respecting inhabitant of the country. The present form of parliamentary government, administered by party methods, finds little favor in such men's eyes. The Portuguese is a law-abiding citizen, abhorring tyranny, but he has come at last, by bitter experience, to lose all faith in law and legislation as administered by Cabinets and Parliaments. He has been deceived too

often. Three hundred years ago a great national poet, almost a prophet, coined a phrase which hit then, and in my opinion still hits the aspirations of the Portuguese people: *Polla lei e polla grei* (By law and by the people's will). It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the present Prime Minister, Senhor Franco, with the King's consent, elected to abate the evils of parliamentary government by allowing representative institutions a time of rest and abeyance, and by proposing to rule during that interregnum of repose from intrigue by royal decree alone, though the self-seeking politicians of all parties raged, the people in every class of the community seemed to approve and were content.

As to whether the present calm acceptance of the situation will continue it would be rash to prophesy. It is hardly for us of the compromise-loving north to guess, by analogy of our way of thought what will happen among a Latin race which is anything but compromise-loving. Since representative government was established in Portugal, the country has been ruled by two parties, both of whom called themselves by very liberal titles. One party calls itself the Progressives (*Progressistas*), the other the Regenerators (*Regeneradores*). Both are liberal in opposition, and both the reverse of liberal, not to say reactionary, in office. The two parties are, perhaps libelously, but certainly popularly, accused of caring more for the sweets of office and of power than for the opportunity of carrying out reforms useful for the country. They are also accused, rightly or wrongly, of leaving office and politely making way for the opposition as soon as ever the orange is sucked dry. This regular ministerial rotation has led to the popular nickname of *Rotativos*, as applied to both parties. There are indeed other parties or sections of parties in the State,

but the *Rotativos* take very good care that others than themselves never get a hold of office.

Party government is not, perhaps, an ideal form of government, but, as it works out in Portugal, it is bereft of most of the advantages of party government. What makes the present crisis in Portugal so interesting to foreign observers, and so fraught with anxiety to all lovers of the country, is that it is a break in the long-established order of ministerial rotation and that it may turn out to be a break in the long-continued political tranquillity of the country. We, on the outside, can hardly guess on which side victory will finally declare itself, for we cannot be sure that the two great political parties, in conjunction, may not be able to stir the masses to move with them. On the other hand, we do not know whether the country is reconciled, or only apparently reconciled to the temporary abrogation of representative institutions, as a charter of their liberties, which same institutions they have certainly long held very cheap. All we do know is that in Portugal, as in other Latin countries, there is an explosive force that may change the whole situation in a week, in a day, or in an hour.¹

I have always considered that what Portugal has best to show in the way of a political object-lesson is the existence of the great body of thriving yeoman farmers, already spoken of, in the well-watered but not particularly fertile provinces of northern Portugal. How did this body of sturdy tillers of the soil come to be on the land? To what cause do they owe their present independence and prosperity? Does Protection help or hinder them? Does a heavy duty on corn help them towards holding their own? Does an

¹ This article was published before the assassination of King Carlos and the Crown Prince, February 1st. — EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE.

equally heavy duty on every article the yeoman wears and uses not more than correspondingly hinder them? These are, surely, points to inquire into, to weigh and to consider at a moment when the re-establishment of the yeoman farmer in our own country seems to many of us to hold out the best hopes of the nation's well-doing.

There are other matters, besides politics, to interest the visitor to Portugal. The modern Portuguese has somehow lost his former eminence in the line of decorative art, and that he should have done so is one of the puzzles that modern Portugal presents. I will not attempt to solve it; I will only note that evidence of high artistic traditions meets the traveller everywhere. It is to be found abundantly in articles of domestic use made in Portugal two or three hundred years ago, in the fine repoussé silver plate, in the faience from Portuguese kilns that have not been lighted for three hundred years, in the inlaid cabinets known as Goa work, but mostly made in Portugal, and in the still more artistic cabinets, chests, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and domestic shrines of carved wood in good rococo style, worked in native chestnut, or in rosewood imported from Brazil.

The now disestablished monasteries must have been rich in such work, for it is still to be found scattered in many a farmhouse. There is a still more persistent tradition of good art work in the peasant gold jewelry to be seen on the necks and in the ears of every peasant woman on market and fair days, and on the counters of whole streets of jewellers' shops in Lisbon and Oporto. These fine-art forms derive from farther back than the plate, pottery, and cabinet work before mentioned. They are unchanged traditions from the days of the Moorish occupancy. There are, however, extant art traditions that go further back than to Moorish times. In northern Por-

tugal every ox-yoke is carved with a quaint and elaborate design, the homework of the peasants themselves on long winter nights. The designs belong to a very early period, and are distinctly Gothic in character.

In Portugal we are in a country where three distinct races have, in turn, taken the place of the autochthonous inhabitants, perhaps mingling their blood with, perhaps after extermination or expulsion of, the race on the soil. Three separate civilizations have, in historic times, lived, prospered, and left their abiding marks in the habits and customs of the people; probably also in the blood of the actual dwellers on the land, and very patently in the Portuguese language and its literature. The Portuguese themselves like to boast that their language is nearer to Latin than any other derived from the mother tongue of the Romans. In proof of this they have composed poems and prose passages which are fair Portuguese and fair dog-Latin. That, however, goes for little. Every foreign student of Portuguese knows that if it is easy to read, it is harder to learn, harder to pronounce, and harder to understand when spoken than any other of the Latin languages. The reason is that Portuguese has borrowed very much from the Arabic in word, phrase, and idiom. It has perhaps also got from the Moors some sort of Oriental uncouthness, and certainly some use of strange diphthongs which the unpractised tongue finds it hard to pronounce. Yet it is a rich and flexible language standing by itself, as a literary vehicle, just as French and German stand by themselves.

The Portuguese language has unfortunately been very hardly treated by its own writers. It was sought by certain purist-pedants in the seventeenth century to omit all words that were not of Latin origin, just as it was once a fashion, equally vain and stupid,

among ourselves, to make our English speech purely Teutonic. A century or more before that, when their mother tongue was already rich and strong, the learned in Portugal set a fashion of abandoning their native tongue and writing in Spanish. This was in the sixteenth century, when two great Portuguese writers, Sá da Miranda and Montemayor, wrote their best poems in Spanish. Sá da Miranda, the Chaucer of Portugal, made amends by also writing great poems in his native tongue; but Montemayor, the father and head of bucolic poetry in the Peninsula, composed nothing of value in Portuguese. It was not till fifteen or twenty years later that the poet and playwright Ferreira accomplished for Portuguese literature what Dryden and Pope did for ours. Never since have the Portuguese writers committed the crime of undervaluing their fine language. And soon after Ferreira came the *Lusiads* of Camoens, that great epic of the ocean, of the unknown tropic lands, and of the deeds of Portuguese explorers, to demonstrate to foreign nations the power, the sonorous fulness, and the beauty of the Portuguese language.

A language, however, is not made great only by great writers, as some critics would have us believe. The daily users of it are they who are its real makers. The great writers only make it enduring. The peasant on his farm, the sailor on his ship, the merchant on 'change, the trafficker in the marketplace, the scholar in his study, had made Portuguese a fine and full language long before Sá da Miranda wrote his wise and witty quatrains, or Camoens his stately stanzas. In the same way Englishmen of previous ages had given to Shakespeare the language of his plays and sonnets. There is curious evidence of this fact in Portugal, apart from the splendid ballad literature of the Portuguese people. The

Portuguese peasant has always been an *improvisatore*. The shepherd on the hillside chants extempore songs to his companion, or his mistress across the narrow valley. When extempore versifiers meet, at fair or feast, they challenge rival singers—a *desafio*—to impromptu song. The verse is mostly poor stuff made up of old song-tags and used *clichés*, but it runs on smoothly, and now and again the thought is ingenious, even witty, and the verse happy. Some such verse has come down traditionally among the people in rural parts.

The lyric song mostly takes the shape of a perfect quatrain, and I could quote dozens. I will give but two.

Here is the epigrammatic complaint of a peasant lover. For wit and ingenuity it might figure among a collection of Greek epigrams. As with most epigrams, to translate it would be to blunt its point.

Os teus olhos, O menina,
Sao gentios da Guiné,
Da Guiné por serem pretos
Gentios por nao terem fé!

Another deserted lover has a more bitter complaint still to make of his mistress. For love of thee, he says, I have lost Heaven, for love of thee I have lost myself. Now I find myself alone, without God, without love, without thee.

Por teu amor perdi à Deus,
Por teu amor me perdi;
Agora vejo me só
Sem Deus, sem amor, sem ti!

There is one subject in Portugal that has been too much neglected: its architecture—domestic, ecclesiastic, semi-ecclesiastic, and military. The triple origin of the people is reflected in the vestiges of its architecture as clearly as it is in its languages and in the customs and folk-lore of its peasantry.

There is a district in southern Portugal, surrounding the town of Evora, where Roman remains are found more abundantly than they are to be met with anywhere, perhaps, but in Italy itself. Here is a temple believed to have been sacred to Diana. It is as perfect as the famous *Maison carrée* of Nîmes, and quite as beautiful. Moorish remains are not so common in Portugal as one might expect; but the traces of Moorish architectural ideas and motives are seen everywhere in the beautiful *azimel* windows of ancient houses, and markedly in those buildings where the Gothic and Moorish ideals meet. It is notably conspicuous in that wonderful dream structure, the church of St. Jeronymo at Belem, near Lisbon, and the still more surprising and more beautiful abbey church of Batalha, where architecture runs riot, is lawless, bound by no convention of the builder, borrowing of all sister arts, and where the architect has achieved, not a church, but a grand romantic poem in marble stone.

There was great ecclesiastic wealth and architectural activity in Portugal in the best periods of Gothic architecture, and relics of this wealth and activity are to be found all over the kingdom. I remember that in the course of a single winter's day ride across the mountains of Beira, from Lamego to Viseu, I passed the ruins of no fewer than three cathedral churches.

In a country so torn by racial struggles for independence the Gothic castles of Portugal are naturally important and frequent. They are as thick on the land as they are with us on the Marches of Wales and the Border of Scotland. There was a period, later on, when colonial wealth, from East and West, poured into Portugal. It was during the seventeenth century, and there is abundant evidence of the fact in the fine houses still standing in the country towns of Portugal.

These houses are often dismantled now, turned to base uses, or even falling into ruin. They were built by returning colonists and adventurers, enriched from India, Africa, and Brazil.

It is to this period of prosperity that much of the fine Portuguese silver repoussé work, the cabinets, and the characteristic falence belong. The Portuguese colonist to this day differs from all other colonists in this, that, for all his adventure and enterprise, he never ceases to cast longing glances at the country of his birth. No other great colonizing nation, either Greek, Roman, or British, have possessed this home-seeking desire to the same extent as the Portuguese. It is due, in the case of the Portuguese emigrant, partly to the fact that he has gone forth mainly to the more unhealthy tropical regions of the earth, to countries of burning suns, drenching rains, and fever-haunted jungle, and that he has had to live among tribes of uncongenial savages, but it is due also to this, that, go where he will, he can hope to find no pleasanter climate, no sweeter air, no country more kindly to man, than the land of his birth.

In the jungles of Brazil, or in the marshes of Africa, he longs for the hamlet where he was born, for the tinkling of the mandolin in the cool evening air, for the songs and dances of the village lads and lasses on the threshing-floor.

Dulces reminiscitur Argos.

There is always one point of view from which Portugal is sure to charm the casual tourist and the slower-moving and deeper-thinking traveller alike, and that is its scenery. I mean not alone the wild scenery of the vast pine or chestnut forests that clothe the mountainous regions of the north and east. There is also the homelier beauty of the narrow cultivated valley

enclosed by lofty pine-clothed hills, the little upland fields, green with forage grasses in winter and in summer with maize and vine, and no bigger than cottage-garden patches, the water runlets and little shining streams of running water, carrying fertility everywhere, the yeoman's comfortable granite-built house, with surrounding orchards and orange groves, and with the trellised vines that give their pleasant shade in the noontide heat. These are the scenes that the traveller finds nowhere but in northern Portugal, and that, once seen, he can never forget.

There is a certain curious opalescence in what artists would call the atmospheric values of the more fertile regions of the country, a thing which I have found neither in Greece or Italy, nor in any Eastern land. It is due perhaps to the neighborhood of the greater ocean. This characteristic of Portugal scenery was remarked upon by my friend, the late John Burgess, R.A., when he travelled with me in the province of Beira. Mr. Burgess knew Spain well, and he told me had seen nothing like these color effects in that country. The excellent colored illustrations in Major Hume's book reproduce for the first time something of these atmospheric effects. In the month of May the mountains of northern Portugal are rose-red with the flowers of a species of the bell heather, and a rich orange yellow with those of a flowering shrub named *carqueja*. This combination lends an indescribable beauty to the hill scenery of parts of Portugal, to be found, I think, nowhere else.

The time will no doubt come when Portugal will once again be the health resort of northern Europe, but that time is not yet. The hotels are not at present prepared for fastidious guests. Lisbon, to which our forefathers went as to a winter health-resort, is an interesting but a dusty and not a particu-

larly healthy city. Portugal has not yet been exploited from a sanitary point of view. There are probably many sites in the country where abiding places for those who leave our shores for warmth and health could be found. The extreme north of Portugal is rather rainy, the extreme south over-dry; but there are intermediate hill-ranges, running east and west, on the southern slopes of which ideal winter climatic stations might be formed. I could name several such places. The chief drawback to the warm winters of the French and Italian Rivas is the mistral, the cold northern wind which passes over the snow-clad Alps before it reaches the Mediterranean shores. Portugal is free from this plague. The north-east wind does indeed reach the Portuguese shores of the Atlantic, but it has to pass over the great pine forests that lie about the Spanish frontier, and it is tempered and its edge is taken off, and it is markedly perfumed by the odor of pines. The chief advantage, however, of the Portuguese climate over that of the Riviera is that one is upon the shores of a poorly oxygenated, tideless inland sea, and that the other is neighbored by the ever-fresh waters of the limitless Atlantic.

Portugal cannot be accounted as a happy hunting-ground for the sportsman. There is, indeed, good variety of game. The bustard, the little bustard, and the sand-grouse are found to the south of the Tagus, the woodcock and the snipe are fairly abundant in the forests and on the marshes of middle and northern Portugal. In the forest regions there are wild boar and red deer, while the quail abounds in every maize-field in autumn, and the red-legged partridge is found on moorlands and rough wooded grounds. The gray partridge is to be found high up on the uplands, and is only a relic of the Arctic period, like the ptarmigan in Scotland. Ducks and wild geese congre-

gate on the marshes, but neither in very great numbers. There are hares and rabbits: both are of the common species, but the rabbit, in my experience, is undersized. Wolves are still found in the wilder mountainous region of the north and east, and foxes are common everywhere. The wolf is, to the best of my belief, a species, or perhaps only a variety, of the common wolf. He is *Canis Lycaon*, not *Canis Vulpes*, a larger and a darker-coated animal than the wolf of Europe north and west of the Pyrenees. Neither is the fox the animal that we hunt in England—the Portuguese fox is shorter of leg, stouter of build, and darker of fur, but he runs as gamely as our northern foxes. I know it, for I have hunted the Portuguese fox with English foxhounds. His name in science is *Vulpes melanogaster*.

If the sport is poor, the natural history of Portugal—chiefly the avifauna—affords a field in which laborers are wanted. My friend Mr. William Tait, a resident merchant, has done much, but his observations have never been widely published. Mr. Chapman, the eminent naturalist, has been on the ground, but I do not know that any observations of his have been published in any but the scientific journals.

In a country so made up of lofty mountain ranges, fertile plains, and marine and inland marshland, great rivers, and dry and sunny upland wilderness, and extending from the rainy Galicia frontier to the arid semi-tropical plain facing Africa, it may be supposed that bird species are many and various. There are many birds to be seen commonly in Portugal which are unknown or extinct in Great Britain, and some, again, common with us are rare or unknown. The wood-pigeon, coming to be a farmer's plague in England, is seldom seen in Portugal; the rook is not common, and, to the best of my knowledge, the song-thrush is

never seen. On the other hand, the birds which the excessive game preserving of England has exterminated in England are still common in Portugal: the larger and smaller hawks, the raven, the kite, and the owls, even the eagle owl which a few years ago bred on the cliffs of the Douro, not many miles above the city of Oporto. On every marsh the buzzards and harriers can be seen winging their slow flight, close over the tops of reeds and rushes, quartering the ground like a setter. The great bustard is still not uncommon on the plains of Estremadura and Algarve, and the little bustard ranges still further northwards. The bittern, whose extinction in Britain our naturalists never cease to deplore, is a fairly common bird in the reedy Portuguese marshlands. He gets up tamely at the feet of the trespasser in his haunts, looking like a huge gray snipe, with a slow and buoyant flight. The skylark is a rare bird in my experience, but the calendra lark, a larger species with a sweet song, is common. Though the song-thrush is absent, the nightingale is far commoner than in England. Of semi-tropical birds there is the bee-eater, a haunter, like our swallows, of the upper air. It is found, commonly, south of the Tagus. The blue thrush, a dweller among the rocks, is another brilliantly plumaged bird, that does not seem to belong to the European avifauna.

Perhaps there is no country in Europe where the mysteries of migration might be studied with more advantage than in this western outpost of Europe. There are plenty of facts patent to the poorest observer; for instance, when the wind is in the north in the first weeks of September, vast multitudes of common starlings flit along the coast, going southward. A few days later, there pass every hour from sunrise till eight o'clock along in the western coast-line, in the same direction, still

vaster multitudes of turtle-doves following the same route, in numbers enough seemingly to people all Africa with doves. Whence do they come? Are the turtle-doves of all Western Europe taking this circuitous route to their winter quarters in Africa? They come, now in twos or threes down the wind with the velocity of swooping hawks, now in flights of a hundred, now in flocks of thousands, now in a continuous stream, high up, beyond gunshot if the wind is light, brushing the tops of the stunted pines on the seashore if the north wind is strong. The native sportsmen line the coast at passage time and kill thousands. Fifty miles further south, amid the pine forests, many of the birds stop to rest and drink. Here shallow ponds are dug, and at these the birds are netted in tens of thousands; but nothing seems to diminish the vast hosts of turtle-doves that pass from north to south every September.

There would seem to be minor movements of migration from east to west of some of the smaller birds. Mr. Tait has made and published valuable observations in regard to this obscure point. There is a bird whose migratory movements, known to every resident, are yet very mysterious. From time to time throughout the winter, when the weather is unusually cold and inclement, swallows are seen to be flitting over the meadows and hunting for insects. Year after year, the Portuguese journalists make the mistake of supposing that this is the swallow of spring and summer, either belated or come before its time. It is, however, a swallow of quite another species, and even of another genus, *Cotile rupestris*—a swallow with a slower, smoother flight, which is never seen in the more genial regions of the country save in winter. Its nesting-places would seem to be in the lofty frontier mountain ranges. I have seen

it in summer time at a point high up the River Douro, where the river runs narrow and dark between lofty over-towering cliffs in a series of cataracts. Here amid the noise of falling waters and the mists of rising spray the rock-swallow flits between the river cliffs with its feeble graceful flight. Here it builds its nest and rears its young. It is possibly a resident bird that never leaves the country at all.

The ballads, myths, folklore, and popular beliefs current among the Portuguese peasantry are perhaps not more important to the sociologist and the folklorist than they are in other countries, but deriving, as they do, from three separate origins, they present great variety and they are very picturesque. They certainly seem, too, to be thicker on the ground than elsewhere. Some of the ballads of Portugal (which have been collected) are variants of those found in other parts of the Peninsula, but the Portuguese form seems to me generally to possess a fulness and a grace wanting in other variants. A great proportion of the ballad songs of Portugal are of a chivalrous and feudal cast, and derive from times when there was clash of arms between the Christian and the Moor, or they come from later periods, of the long fight between the various Christian nations dwelling between the Pyrenees and the two seas.

The Portuguese folk-myth is often based on Roman traditions. The wehrwolf myth takes a more pronounced and picturesque shape here than in the less form-shaping brains of the peoples of northern Europe. The wehrwolf in Portugal is the Lobishomen (*Lupus homo*). The child destined to be a Lobishomen, or a Lobeira (the female of this ghastly being) goes through a probationary period of seven years, beginning at the age of puberty, when the boy or girl takes the shape of some animal, hare, badger, deer, or fox, and

runs the woods by night. It is not till the seven years are over that the nightly transformation is into some ravening beast of prey, with cannibal instincts, delighting in the slaughter of men, women, and children. In every case the Lobishomen or Lobeira resumes the human form by day, and sometimes the nightly transformation is unsuspected for years by relations and neighbors.

The sea-going folk and fishermen along the Atlantic coast of Portugal people the seas with supernatural forms, as did the ancient inhabitants of Italy. The fisherman of to-day believes he sees the ocean nymphs playing among the white crests of the sea waves, and still calls them Sirens (*Sireias*).

It is, indeed, clear that the superstitious beliefs of the Portuguese peasant derive mainly from Latin sources; the names alone are evidence enough of the fact, but the feats ascribed to the personages of the Portuguese mythology are strange and grotesque beyond what we know of the myths of ancient Italy. One may read into them something of the realistic imaginations of the East mingled with the more fantastic dream fancies of the peoples of northern Europe.

It is, of course, difficult to disentangle the Portugal folklore which belongs to each strain in the composite race which inhabits modern Portugal. For instance, it would be difficult to say what in the wealth of peasant beliefs and traditions belongs to the East; but this at least is certain, that the presence and influence of the Moors has left a strong romantic aftermath in the memory of the people. There is hardly a parish but has some ruin or hill castle connected with a Moorish myth, and many a spring is known as the Fonte da Moura—the well-spring of the Moorish woman—and is firmly believed to be haunted by the spirit of

an enchanted maid. Tales are told of ruined castles once inhabited by the departed race and still tenanted by some lingering spellbound Moorish ghost (like the Laidlaw Worm) hiding away in gruesome monster form in dark caverns by the sea, or dark recesses of the forest—no real monsters, but Moorish maidens under enchantment, waiting for some bold, reckless champion to release them. There is, or was, a noble family of Portugal which has been said to owe its origin to a marriage between one such champion and the Moorish maiden, delivered by him from some spell.

Of the various giants, gnomes, warlocks, sorceresses, and spirits, either evil-working or benevolent, that people the countryside, the number is remarkable, and more remarkable still their grotesque and strange character. There are the Olharapos, who seem by some accounts to be one-eyed Cyclops; there is Pedro das Malasartes (Peter of the Devil's Cantrips), a mischief-working warlock; Medo (Panic), the invisible spirit that haunts desert places and drives the solitary wayfarer mad with a sudden terror; Trazgo, the Spirit of the Mist; Tardo, the night wanderer; Pesadello, the nightmare; the friar of the pierced band (*Fradello da mao furada*), all names of fear to the dwellers in Portuguese peasant cottages. There are also the Fadas, the Fairies, the good people, and above all the Bruxas, omnipresent spirits of the air, invisible for the most part, sometimes mischievous, but seldom malevolent towards mankind, wishful to be left alone, but resentful and dangerous if intruded upon. All the small misfortunes of the countryside are familiarly ascribed by the peasants to As Bruxas. If the field mice or the finches eat the farmer's seed-corn or the gardener's new-sown peas, it is the Bruxas that have haunted field and garden; if the cow casts her calf, or the ploughing ox goes

lame, the Bruxas have surely had a hand in the misfortune. If the newborn kid or lamb disappears from the hillside it is Bruxas, not the fox, the wolf, or the eagle, that have carried it off.

To this enchanting and enchanted
The Nineteenth Century and After.

land, Major Hume, a more recent sojourner in it than myself, tells us that access is now easy. I cannot do a better service to those who desire to know more of this charming country and interesting people than to refer them to his book.

Oswald Crawford.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The relations between a ruling race and its feudatories must be a subject of absorbing interest to any student of the great *Comédie Humaine*, as played by nations as well as by individuals, and an opportunity of seeing something of the play from behind the scenes is never a chance to be lost. So when the offer came to me of the post of lady-in-waiting to the wife of one of the first Hindu princes of India, during a short tour in Europe, I gladly accepted it, and set out at short notice to join "her Highness the Maharani" at a winter resort in Switzerland.

The group of Orientals looked strangely out of place in a Continental hotel, often as such groups are seen nowadays. Shorn of his native dress and the splendor—slovenly though it may be—of his home surroundings the Indian potentate is a more pathetic than imposing figure. The fact that he can spend a year at a time away from his kingdom, is a significant reminder that his Resident, or Political Agent is entirely able to administer his affairs of State; his physique is frequently an object-lesson in the results of generations of child-marriage and self-indulgence; the attempt to imitate Western modes of life and manners involves too often the loss of Oriental dignity. But on points where the men of the party were lacking, the Maharani was wisely tenacious. She wore her native dress, indoors at least, and though she had emancipated herself and her daughter from the shadow

of the purdah, she adhered strictly to her own caste rules of food and ablutions. These, combined with English habits of outdoor exercise, had preserved her figure admirably—at thirty-four she was still young. She was tiny, but beautifully made, with the prettiest little hands and feet, her complexion was fairer than that of an average Italian, she had large dark eyes bright with intelligence, and a most charming smile. She sent her maid to me on my arrival with a message that, as I was no doubt tired after my twenty-four hours' journey, she would not require my attendance that day—for which I was sincerely grateful. The first week passed with some formality, after that the ice was broken, or rather began to thaw. The day's programme did not admit of very great variation on a Swiss mountain top. The gay crowd of visitors skated and tobogganned all day, danced and played bridge every night, and the Maharaja plunged valiantly into each form of amusement, escorted by a French *aide-de-camp* and his young son's English tutor, while the Maharani looked on. She would go across to the hotel rink, and watch her lord and master as he scuffled and scrambled round the ice between the *aide-de-camp* and the skating instructor. He never learned to skate, and I sometimes longed to give him a hand when I encountered him in my "off-duty" moments on the ice. But this etiquette forbade, apart from the risk of giving him a fall.

On most fine days I accompanied the Maharani on her morning walks. In thick boots, and with her *sari* tucked up under a heavy tweed cloak, she would trudge for miles in the snow. Sometimes we had another walk in the afternoon, but more often she would rest after lunch. Unless they had visitors I was seldom in attendance at meals—when I was, the ordinary hotel fare was offered me in case I preferred it to theirs, but I used to give private orders on my own part, that no form of beef or pork should be brought to me at their table, and no wine. On the latter point there was not the same restriction of courtesy, but a stronger one of reason, since the men of the party were only too ready to make English guests an excuse for breaking their own laws in respect of fermented liquors, and I would not have their loss of caste on my conscience. My chief duty was to keep the Maharani amused as far as might be; she liked trying different kinds of needlework—I taught her knitting and the beginning of pillow lace. For a whole week she made a serious effort to learn French with me, and was a most quick and industrious pupil. But she was tired of everything in turn, and new fancies followed each other with bewildering frequency. Incidentally I drew her out, and listened for hours to her ideas of things and people, her experiences of life, and deductions therefrom, which revealed much of the curious upside-down mode of thought of the Eastern, mixed with the eternal feminine of instinct and impulse.

If the Maharaja joined us in our walks, I fell to the rear with the *aide-de-camp*. The presence of a second-rate Frenchman in the last capacity puzzled me at first—the explanation of this and other things I did not understand transpired by degrees. These Hindu royalties were playing truant.

They had been given the plainest hints to remain in their own country and do their duty in that state of life to which they still nominally belong; the Viceroy had intimated his intention of including their capital in the progress of his autumn tour; it was even whispered that they might be honored by the presence of a still more august guest, but to all these suggestions the Maharaja turned a deaf ear. His susceptibilities had been hurt at the last State function he had attended, he was not to be cajoled by a minor decoration or coerced by veiled threats of the displeasure of the sovereign power. He would assert his independence, and travel when and where the spirit moved him, and his attitude had the Maharani's warm applause and sympathy. She, in fact, was the livelier rebel of the two, for in addition to her keen resentment of the slight—real or imaginary—offered to her husband, she had a feminine grudge of her own against the Viceregal Court. But that, as Rudyard Kipling says, is another story.

And so they set out for Europe like a pair of disobedient children, exulting in the defiance of authority, and anticipating much amusement from their semi-incognito travels, unhampered by the protective vigilance of an English staff. For since they went without leave, no official notice could be taken of their movements. The disagreeables, to Orientals of their rank, that were bound to ensue in the absence of official recognition, were undreamt of until they occurred. If a crowned head of Europe chooses, for his own amusement to travel in a modest coronet, or even less assuming head-gear, there is nothing but the chance of unwelcome recognition to prevent him from staying at whatever hotel he may prefer, in any country where hotels are to be found. But a dark skin requires an official passport in Paris and Vienna,

if not in London, and without it the United States is a land to avoid. A very short experience was enough to prove that some minimum of European escort was indispensable, but nothing would induce the Maharaja to apply to the India Office in his difficulty. So he picked up a stray Frenchman—how or where I never discovered, and the Maharani begged various English acquaintances—including her stepson's young tutor, to recommend her a lady-in-waiting. She was offered a bewildering number immediately, and determined to try as many of them as possible, each for a month in turn. Her experiences, to judge from a few stories told to me, would make an amusing book, if she could be persuaded to write it. All this, I need hardly say, I gathered by degrees, and knowing something of the East—though more of Mahomedans than Hindus—I could sympathize on some points, discount undue bitterness, and to some extent understand their feelings. The native Princes of India have often been compared to hothouse plants, things artificially preserved from the rude winds of Heaven. Our strong suzerain power shelters them from the struggle for existence, and thereby, while it undoubtedly saves the majority from being swept away, deprives them of the strength that comes by fighting for life. In return for the protection of England, they must needs accept her tutelage, and though they do so for the most part with a good grace, the leading-strings are irksome at times. Criticism of our methods, and discontent with them, are hardly to be wondered at on their part, and that friction, when it arises, is secretly fostered by our enemies in and outside of India, is a matter of common knowledge.

The rest of the suite consisted of the Maharaja's half-brother, who acted as courier and general factotum, a Hindu doctor, two secretaries, one of them a

Brahman, and a few servants. The doctor was a typical Babu, possessed of a very fair knowledge of English, an astonishing flow of language, and was always ready to pour out a flood of cheap sedition to an audience of two or three ladies and the sympathetic Frenchman, who would applaud any abuse of "perfidious Albion," but his eloquence was speedily quenched by a little chaff. The revolutionary utterances of the Babu tribe and their newspapers (some of which the doctor would read aloud, translating them for my benefit) are not to be taken very seriously, and in this case were chiefly significant as showing the reflection of sympathy in the mind of the master whom it was the doctor's main business in life to please. On one occasion, after listening to an impassioned article, taken from the vernacular, on the future of "United India" when it had "thrown off the alien yoke," I ventured to ask the Maharaja what he really thought about it, and what he supposed would happen if every Englishman left India to-morrow.

"We should do very well," broke in the Maharani, with a toss of her head. "We should all be at each other's throats," said the Maharaja placidly, "and the strongest would take everything."

"The time is not yet ripe," put in the doctor officiously, "we have not yet learned to stand alone, but when all classes are sufficiently educated——"

"You talk too much, doctor," said his master; "you can be very brave here in Europe, but if war came where would you be?"

The wretched little physician cringed, with a deprecating smile.

"No," the Maharaja continued sadly, "we have forgotten how to rule, we are only puppets now, and can do nothing without permission. All is by order of the Viceroy and his Council; how should we know how to rule our-

selves, we are a conquered people?"

"But if it is Kismet that a white race should rule in India, would you not rather it was the English than another European Power?" I asked, endeavoring to soften the bitterness of his conclusion. I saw glances exchanged between the four, the Maharaja, his brother, the Maharani, and the doctor.

"You English think yourselves superior to all the world," said the Maharani half-maliciously; "but in what are you better?"

"We have a better reputation for the art of government than most," I returned, with perhaps pardonable Jingoism. "What other nation could replace our Indian Civil Service?"

"India demands a Native Administration," said the irrepressible Babu; "why should she not have it?"

I did not want to be ungenerous, but he really seemed the native Press incarnate, and as such deserved a snub. "If you had a case to be tried," I retorted, answering him in Eastern fashion with another question, "would you sooner bring it before an Englishman or a native magistrate?" He hesitated. "You might have to give your countryman a present before he attended to you, whereas you would not dare to offer the poorest Englishman a bribe. Is it not true?" I demanded, appealing to the other men. The Maharaja nodded, his brother made an affirmative click.

"It is true," said the latter, "the English are just, and in that lies their strength." It was a curious admission on the part of a man who himself took his "squeeze" from every hotel bill.

"Your ways may be very good for an Englishman," said the Maharani, "but we like our own better. And the poor people also like them better." And this is indeed the difficulty, that most of them at heart prefer to be

ground down by rulers of their own blood, than to live under the sway of the most beneficent alien.

"What is the use of discussion?" said the Maharaja, "the English are rulers of India, and will remain so in our day, and our sons' day. For the most part they are wise, but sometimes they do not understand, and do harm when they think to do good, and so our people suffer hardships. Consider, for instance, these *tamashas*, of which there have been too many of late years. India is a poor country, yet look what we are forced to spend, we native Princes, whether we like it or not, on these displays. The Delhi Durbar cost us many lakhs of rupees, more than I can count; and now this Royal visit, what will it not cost in festivals? And all the while the poor people are starving by the hundred. You ask why we do these things on such a lavish scale; it is expected of us that we follow tradition and entertain magnificently. We cannot afford it, and our people are taxed to supply the money until often they sell all that they have to the moneylender, even their seed-grain. Yes, we are fools to do it, but it is our pride; we will not say that we cannot afford it. Just as the poor *ryot*, who has no food to give his wife and children, will wax his moustache before he goes out, and put a grain of rice on it, that his neighbors may say he has been eating pillau, so we pretend we are rich, and it does not matter how much we spend. It is said that these durbars and these Royal tours are for the pleasure of the people of India; all that they mean to the masses of India is that they have to pay heavier taxes. Do they care that one of the English gentlemen who drive past them is the future King and Emperor? Let them feel some good from his coming, then they will care. It was the old custom in India that whenever the ruler went about his kingdom, he gave some good

thing to the place he visited, or he lightened the taxes. Now, if some portion of the salt-tax could be remitted in honor of the Prince's visit, then the poor people would feel and understand that it was the son of the great King. As it is, they only know that their burdens are heavier in order that the great people may feast."

"Surely these things could be represented to the Viceroy, or even to the King himself? Why does your Highness not do so?" I asked.

The Maharaja shrugged his shoulders. "I am in what you call 'hot water,'" said he; "how should any one listen to me?"

There were days when the ludicrous side of the situation outweighed all else, and I felt as though I had been suddenly thrust into an opera-bouffe, in which I was a trifle uncertain of my part. The Maharaja would be seized with a new inspiration for renovating his State on Western models, such, for instance, as an idea of establishing country-houses as seen in England, and their customs into his Indian domain. He ordered a copy of the *Country Life* illustrated series, depicting a number of well-known houses, and chose out those that pleased him, getting me to draw rough ground-plans of a few that I happened to be acquainted with. These sketches and pictures were sent off to his Court architect with directions to prepare designs and estimates for their erection, and he then proceeded to question me minutely—a secretary laboriously recording my replies—on the routine of English country life, the household details, and the etiquette of visits. This last particularly interested him, because he said, "For political purposes such visits might be very useful." "Let us begin at the beginning," he said, like a child that wants a story told him; "when the guests have been chosen for a party, who writes the invitations?" I told

him the lady of the house, and we went through every detail from that point. When it came to the accommodation to be offered to each guest, he seemed surprised that they should not be given private sitting-rooms. "How can they see each other alone, if they wish to talk?" I told him that opportunities for private conversation were seldom lacking when wanted, and we passed on to the programme of an ordinary "shoot," or Saturday to Monday party. The difficulty of reconciling Eastern laws of courtesy with modern ways cropped up here and there. What was to be done if one of the guests did not want to shoot or hunt, or go to church, as the case might be? Was the host obliged to remain with him? No, he was left at home with the ladies, such as might be indoors. But if he had not wanted to hunt or shoot, he would not have come. As for going to church, I explained that a week-end visit did not necessarily entail any obligation in that respect.

"You are not obliged to do anything, it seems—you just please yourselves; it must be very pleasant."

"It can be pleasant," I agreed.

"But I fear it might not improve the morality of my upper classes," he concluded, and there the subject dropped. I never heard whether designs for those Elizabethan mansions saw the light of day, or whether the Maharaja's court ever wrestled with the rules laid down for informal entertainments in the country. But, like the Maharaja, I tremble for the results, if they did.

On another occasion it was resolved to institute an Order of Merit in the State of —, of which the Maharaja should be the Grand Master, his sons knights of the first rank, other relatives, and Ministers of the State should be in the second, and Associates third. The nature of the services to be thus rewarded were not specified, the deco-

ration was to be bestowed at the Prince's pleasure. One of the best jewellers in Switzerland was sent for, and in due course submitted his designs, of which the one selected was comparatively simple; the Maharaja's monogram on an oval of colored enamel, set round with rays of stones to match those in which the letters were set. The Grand Master's badge was to be entirely of diamonds, those for the first rank set with emeralds and small brilliants, for the second, rubies and rose diamonds, for the third the monogram in pearls, but no rays to the medal.

I could not help thinking of the Maharaja's "starving people" when I was shown these pretty toys. "What will your Chancellor of the Exchequer say to these, your Highness?" I ventured to ask. The Maharaja laughed, his ubiquitous brother wagged his head. "Those who receive them will doubtless pay fees," he suggested. Perhaps they will, but how expensive it will be to "acquire merit" in the State of—

Another incident brought out the better side, the innate courtesy of the Oriental. The English church was in need of funds, and some of the visitors got up an entertainment to collect the money. A subscription was also opened, to which the Maharaja contributed handsomely. When the rather ill-mannered young parson who acted as treasurer approached him with, "I suppose we mustn't ask *you* for anything," he replied, in his soft, purring voice: "Though we are only poor heathen, we are very glad to give to those who do good." It was said with a laugh that dissolved any awkwardness, and the Maharaja, in addition to his present, took tickets for the theatricals for himself and all his suite. It was a singularly poor performance, and I blushed for my fellow country people who could make such an exhibi-

tion of themselves. But the Hindu party, led by the Maharaja and Maharani, applauded every scene warmly. It was not till nearly the end that the poor little Prince, bored to distraction, said in a whisper: "Will they think it rude if I go out? If so, I will stay." I assured him no offence could possibly be taken, and he slipped away. But his wife murmured to me in an undertone: "We will wait for the end, for they have taken so much trouble." And she even congratulated the performers in her most charming manner afterwards, little as they deserved it.

There is an obvious inconsistency between the antagonism the Maharaja and his wife displayed towards English rule and institutions, and their anxiety to have their children educated in England. They had English tutors and governesses for them in India until they were of an age to be brought to Europe, and at the time I speak of, the heir-presumptive, the Maharaja's son by a former marriage, was at Cambridge, the Maharani's eldest child, a boy of sixteen, was at Harrow, the second at school at Geneva in charge of his English tutor, and the two youngest, a boy and girl, were established at Eastbourne, with a nurse and governess, and attended classes at private schools. I asked why this was done, and the Maharaja's answer was characteristic.

"I have seen in my time many Rajas deprived of their power because of their incompetence," said he, "and I have determined that this shall not be the case with my sons. They shall learn all the things that Englishmen learn; they shall go to your public schools and colleges, and have the same chance as Englishmen."

It was quite impossible to point out that they could never have the same chance as the sons of the average English gentleman, since they started handicapped by hereditary unfitness for the

liberty of English boys, and with the eternal bar of race between them and their schoolfellows. I only asked what they thought of the Imperial Cadet Corps, and other such recent institutions for the education of Indian youths of the upper classes in their own country. "They learn nothing there except drill," was the answer, "they become a very ornamental feature of the Viceroy's suite, but I do not choose it for my sons."

This may or may not have been a small ebullition of private rancor—personally I think it was.

Incidentally it may be noted that the succession in the Native States is seldom fixed. The heir is nominated by the ruler, or, in some Hindu States, by the Brahmans—always of course with the consent of the Viceroy in Council. This arrangement leaves the door open, as may be imagined, to an endless amount of jealousy, heart-burning, and intrigue, but the law of primogeniture does not answer with Asiatics as with us.

One day the Maharani had her hand read by an amateur palmist in the hotel, and was told she was the mother of a son who would be famous. This pleased her immensely, especially as it coincided with the predictions of her horoscope, which she told me had been cast when she was about ten years old some time before her betrothal. One can imagine the precocious Indian child, listening eagerly to the prophecy concerning the destinies of the son who should be born to her in years to come. She would talk to me by the hour sometimes of her early days, when she and her five sisters played together within the walls of her old home, then of the separations, as each married, and how when her own turn came, at the age of fourteen, she wept so bitterly that her mother entreated leave to go with her to the Maharaja's palace, but was not allowed to remain very long.

Then I heard of her journey to Europe in the year following that of her marriage, 1887, of her terror and shyness in the strange land that made the Jubilee festivities more alarming than enjoyable. She dwelt on the kindness of the "Great Queen" as she called her, and spoke of her with touching affection and respect.

"She was so kind that I was not frightened any more," said she, in describing her first visit to Buckingham Palace. "Mrs. E. (the Political Agent's wife) went with me to translate, for then I only spoke Marathi, and the Queen said, 'You must try to learn English, so that the next time you come, you can speak to me yourself.' And her voice was very sweet, and so I made up my mind to learn at once, and I worked very hard. And ten years after, when I saw the Queen again, she said, 'I am glad you have learnt to speak English so well.' And she knew how many children I had, and that I had been very ill, she forgot nothing," said the Maharani, content overspreading her face at the remembrance. "I saw her once again," she continued, "only a few weeks before she died, and she still remembered me. She sent for me to see her, and I went alone, without the Maharaja. The Queen talked to me for a few minutes, and then Princess Beatrice, who was there, said to me that we must come away, for the Queen was very soon tired. Then I knew that she could not live long, and in six weeks she died, and I grieved very much. Never again shall we see such a Great Queen."

After her glimpse of the big world and its gaieties, the secluded existence of a *purdah nashin* seemed very intolerable to the Maharani. She persuaded her husband, although she could not have much social amusement in her own country, to allow her some outdoor pursuits. He let her ride, and being eager to learn, and, astonishing

to relate, not in the least nervous, she soon became an excellent horse-woman. She always rode astride, and attired in a divided skirt, and veiled to the eyes, she accompanied the Maharaja in his morning gallops. It amused him to have her company, and she next learnt to shoot, and would go out with him after duck and pigeon. By the time I knew her, her ambition was to shoot a tiger, and while we were in London she had a rifle built for herself for the purpose. These amusements relieved the monotony of her days, a monotony she described to me with lively eloquence as she saw it in the lot of many of her friends and relations.

"They have nothing to do, very little to think of, and perhaps no one to speak to but servants all the day long, they cannot go out, and it seldom happens that any one comes to see them. Think of it."

She went on to describe how some took refuge in religion, became *dévotés*, endangered their lives by the severity of their self-imposed fasts, and spent whole days in prayer. She spoke of matters of religion with a mixture of awe and incredulity. The Maharaja and his brother were professedly and practically materialists, and so she kept her own beliefs, whatever they may have been, to herself, and showed a wide toleration that verged on indifference towards those of her neighbors, but at the same time, scrupulously avoided offending any prejudices they chanced to exhibit.

Her comments, however, on discrepancies between profession and practice were caustic. In speaking of Western marriage laws one day, she said that they undoubtedly put women in a more advantageous position than did Hindu or Mahomedan customs. "But then," she added cynically, "marriage does not count for very much with you." I ventured politely to demur.

"Oh, no," she retorted, "look around you. If you see a man talking to a lady, skating with her, dancing with her, you may be sure they are not husband and wife. Perhaps he is going to marry her, but afterwards—he is always with other ladies, she is always with other men." I tried to explain that our customs and social duties do not allow of husband and wife being always together; but she could not reconcile this with her conception of domestic bliss. Her view of social relations was thoroughly Oriental; in spite of having some acquaintance with the Western world, she judged all things by the low standard of Eastern morality, and her inferences startled me. If such are the conclusions of the Indian upper classes, what is the opinion of the ignorant masses likely to be of their white rulers?

And yet, while she condemned our freedom of intercourse, she hankered after it herself, and nothing delighted her more than a chat with an Englishman—a pleasure that, on his part, the Maharaja seldom permitted her. And, with all her philosophy as to the latitude to be granted to masculine frailty, she was tearfully jealous on occasion. She said one day, rather sadly, "A wife must always very much forgive." And that, no doubt, constituted in her education the whole duty of woman.

My term of attendance was lengthened to three months, and might have lasted longer if urgent private affairs had not obliged me to go home.

It was an interesting episode, and one that gave much material for reflection. Is our rule in India really secured, as we are so often told, by the grateful loyalty of the subject races, or are we hated, as the Babu tribe whispers behind our backs? Recent agitation in Bengal and elsewhere throws some light on both sides of the question. The effete races are our enemies, the strong ones our friends—so

long as we show ourselves strong. And that is where the moral lies. We should do better often, for our own prosperity, if we let the laws of nature take their course, and sweep away the unfit, but for our honor we cannot. We have inherited our responsibility and must keep it. We cannot, if we would, reinstate those rulers who, through their own or their parents' sins, are incapable of holding the reins of power; we cannot create in the weak Bengali the spirit of uprightness by which alone a republic stands. Those whom we protect we must rule, and it is not to be believed that the disinterested toil, the brave self-sacrifice, the lives that have been given by many of the flower of our race to establish justice and peace in India, should have been spent in vain. And

The National Review.

yet so much is lost by the vulgar arrogance of the few. Such incidents as occur too often when a crowd of pleasure-seeking tourists rushes out to India for some pageant, and treats the native Princes at best as "part of the show," do untold harm. We live in a vulgar age, but let us not be more vulgar than we can help. "India," to quote the Maharaja once more, "remains unchanged at heart for centuries. Our ancestors reigned over civilized kingdoms when England was covered with jungle and peopled with savages. And it will be the same when England has passed away and is forgotten."

Perhaps so, but the traces of our rule will survive, and in the traditions of that far hereafter will be an indelible record of the aspect in which others see us to-day.

Mildred Isenmenger.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XXVII.

BARABEL GOES TO MR. RORY.

From one end of Boronach to the other there was little talked of but the meeting in the Carran schoolhouse. The people were in a ferment of excitement over it. Sandy Morrison's shop was constantly filled with men discussing it,—arguing hotly over it. At the bar of the inn it was the same, only that the discussions were more noisy, and the arguments came once at least to blows; and over at the pier, where the goods of last steamer were being carted away, carters and others lit their pipes, and, sitting upon barrels or leaning against trusses of hay, whilled away the time with the same absorbing topic. Feeling was hot in favor of Angus Bard in what he had said. Collin Stewart was no fit person to represent Boronach. The past that had been brought so vividly before the minds of the people filled them with

fury against the Stewarts, and this, added to the representations by the more extreme party amongst the agitators, led to wild words against proprietors and their agents. When Little Cathal counselled the men of Boronach to take a lesson from the Irish and come to deeds instead of talking, his remarks were received with some acclamation. The naturally quiet, law-abiding spirit of the people had been roused to danger-point by tales of old wrongs and constant recital of present hardships.

The old one-armed Sergeant, with his fiery blue eyes alight, was Colin's firmest advocate. He was vexed to his heart over the Bard's action, almost in despair over the new turn in events. "Angus Grant is the people's friend," said he. "He is the Bard, he has the gift, and he is the last person that should be among us evernow. We want a plain sensible man, like the man Angus is for throwing overboard.

The Bard is like a piper playing a march in a mist. It is a very fine piping, and it will pipe us into a very fine bog before he's done of it."

The agent of the League, Mr. M'Pherson, was considerably out of temper over the business. The son of a very popular landlord was likely to stand in the Conservative interest. He would get a good deal of support in Port Erran, and the League had looked to Boronach to weigh down the scale with certainty on the other side. Angus had now split up his own party, and as he had a great name throughout the whole district, his opposition was in danger of driving the political ship upon the rocks. Mr. M'Pherson had lived long enough in the South to be somewhat out of patience with the arguments that had the greatest force among the people. Had they favored the election of the League's candidate, he would not have disdained to make use of them, being a mere political hack with opinions, but in the circumstances he found them a parcel of old wives' superstitions. The fulfilment of the fatal prophecy concerning Mr. Alexander's descendants had seized on the imagination of the people. Some old women had pointed out the connection between the scene in the school and the old saying, and Boronach saw it at once. Men said plainly that it would be going against the Providence of the Almighty to vote for Colin Stewart, and to maintain this pious proposition there was actually a free fight before the bar-door. Even those who professed to be above hearkening to all the ancient foolishness that was told about Mr. Alexander expressed the belief that some mysterious judgment was without doubt following his family, and that if for no other reason than this it would be a foolhardy thing for the Boronach people to return one of the name to Parliament.

There was no great personal liking

for Colin Stewart himself to set over against all this. On two separate occasions it was true that he had been in high favor with the people, but the favor had been due to unusual circumstances and was based on no old kindness. The little Ishmaelite of former days was "father of the man," as far as Boronach was concerned. To be under a weighty obligation to a person we dislike is apt to add to our sense of injury.

On the evening after the meeting—a Saturday evening—a notice appeared in Mr. Morrison's shop-window that caused tongues to wag still more freely. It was announced that Mr. Stewart would address the electors of Boronach on Monday evening in the school-house.

The men hanging about the shop waiting for the arrival of the mail-coach could hardly believe their eyes when they saw it go up and read it over. That Colin should attempt to gain a hearing in the place after what had passed the previous night seemed a mad-like proceeding. The men of Boronach, in Parliament assembled at the shop-door, expressed the belief that he might "whistle for the electors if he liked, but would not see half a dozen of them at his meeting." Barabel, chancing to go into the shop on some errand, heard the hubbub about the notice going on, and her spirits rose over it. She, too, was surprised, knowing Colin as she did. On her way through the village she met the Sergeant, looking gloomy, and her anxiety to know something of her friend constrained her to stop and speak with him.

"Things are very through-other to-day, Miss Barabel," said he, shaking his gray locks, "and if you will excuse me for mentioning it, your father made a little mistake last night. It was natural enough, no doubt, and I have every excuse for him, but it has

put me at my wits' end to know what to do."

Barabel spoke of her father's long absence from the country. "I think he feels he spoke hastily," she added with an effort. "I do not think, indeed I am sure, he will not continue to oppose Mr. Stewart, now that he has had time to think over things."

The Sergeant shook his head grimly. "No doubt, Miss Barabel," said he, "no doubt your father is a man that has ever kept a warm side to his own people, and we shouldn't forget it, but we all make a mistake at times, by your leave, and what we must do now is to find another candidate for the people."

The girl cried out at that. "Is that needed?" she said. "Boronach is a small place. Is there not support enough in Port Erran and Ardgowan, though you should lose what there is here?"

"That is my own opinion," said the old soldier, "but Mr. Stewart will not stand. There is the difficulty. I am come from speaking with him, even now, and he is like a man that has had a great blow. He will say nothing to me but the one thing—he will not stand. He is to have a meeting on Monday, and what he is to say I do not know, but he will not stand,—he is clear on that."

Barabel was silent; her heart cried out passionately against the tangle of trouble.

"Miss Barabel," said the Sergeant earnestly, "if yourself and your father had any notion of the man Mr. Stewart is, you would have no word against him. He is a real gentleman. I have seen many, and I have not seen one to beat him. I have not been very long acquainted with him, indeed, but he puts me very much in mind of what I have heard of his own grand-uncle, the Major. He has the cool head and the warm heart and the spirit for a cause,

—yes, and something more with them, if I had the English word for it." The veteran hesitated. "It is just this," he added—"there's many a good man and many a good cause in the world, and after all the one will leave little mark on the other; but Mr. Stewart! The cause will carry him, and he will carry the cause, and the people as well, if he was outside Boronach."

Barabel smiled kindly upon Sergeant M'Alastar. "Mr. Stewart is an old friend of mine," she said, with a little trace of agitation. "Will you tell him from me that I hope very much he will stand? My father was under a misapprehension when he spoke as he did. I feel sure he will regret it when he knows more."

The Sergeant shook his head. "That is very kind of you, Miss Barabel, and I thank you for the word, but I have small hope of him after all. Our people are too superstitious—that is the truth; and between yourself and myself I have the idea that Mr. Stewart is not clear of what is in the mind of most of us."

He took his leave with this, and Barabel was left to draw her own conclusions. She had little difficulty in doing so. A woman need not be much of a psychologist to read aright the temperament of the man she loves. She required no particular explanation—no memory of that strange being, Mr. Alexander's widow, and the uncanny beliefs in which she had reared her grandson; no special knowledge of the haunting persistency with which the ominous words of the sibyl of two generations back had followed Colin's childhood. She knew too well where the peculiar genius of her race tended to sink into gloom and inaction and fatalism. Colin had seen his visions and dreamed his dreams; had set before him early certain purposes, and had followed them patiently,—Barabel remembered how patiently. He had

bartered, as the Gael at times knows how, the seen for the unseen, the temporal advantage for the eternal verity. And now in his great hour he had, as it seemed, lost everything. She trembled to think of the effect of such a blow upon him. He must not fail now, or he might fail altogether, and she must not fail either. "He must stand," she kept repeating to herself after she had parted from the Sergeant,—*"he must stand."* If she could see him, if she could urge him, yet she shrank from any effort to see him. What had been done last night weighed on her heart like lead. Angus Bard's daughter could not go to him. Yet he must stand. She thought of Mr. Rory, and turned her steps towards the Manse. If any one had influence with Collin it was he. Remembering his attitude on the Land Question, his intense Conservatism, she feared his not using it, and her heart sank, yet there was no one else to whom she could go, and she placed some hope on his known affection for Collin. The question of her right to act as she was about to do did not trouble her. For the time her friend's need, and the fact that she had pledged herself to see no more of him, set her free from petty considerations. What she could do for Collin she would do without any feminine cowardice.

The minister was in the garden crumbling a piece of oatcake in his hands, and watching a brood of little yellow ducklings gobble up what he scattered to them on the plot of grass beneath his study window. His stern old face was softened to kindness, and a little humorous gleam lit up his eyes as he turned to greet his visitor. "I am feeding my ducks," he said with his grim smile. "I find great pleasure in them."

"Mr. Rory," said Barabel, speaking quickly, "I want to talk to you—to ask your help."

The minister straightened himself, and threw the last crumbs to his pets. He looked at her from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Well, child?" he said.

The girl became conscious suddenly of intense physical weariness. She seated herself beneath a laburnum bush on the side of a small green hillock that half-filled the neglected old garden. Mr. Rory sat on a tree stump near her. He shaded his eyes from the dazzling glow of the evening sun. The air was full of the song of birds and the hum of bees. There was a strong smell of wild honey.

"You have never asked help of me before, Barabel," said the old man. "This generation is more ready to give help than to ask it."

Barabel took off her large shady hat and held it between her eyes and the sun. "Mr. Rory," she said, "it is about the meeting last night. I suppose you have heard of what happened?"

"I have heard of what happened." His tone was somewhat stern.

"You know," she went on, "the strong feeling my father had against Allan Stewart,—the reason he had—what he suffered from him, I mean. I did not know till he came home what his feeling was—how strong it was, and how he has it also for Allan's son. It is such a long time ago that everything happened, and it is so fresh to my father. It seems to him as if it were yesterday. He speaks to the people as if there was no change since he went away,—as if it were Allan he was fighting against now."

She spoke quickly, her words coming in a little rush. The minister waited, wondering what she would be at,—a little surprise in his look. Barabel hesitated a moment, gaining some quietness and command of herself, now that she had made the first plunge into the subject.

"Mr. Rory," she said, "do you know

that my father has bought Boronach?"

Mr. Rory turned with a startled "Eh! what!" his keen old eyes searching her face.

"Yes," she assured him, "that is what he has been working for so long, and just lately he has been able to buy it. He wants the land to be for the people. No one here knows it yet."

The minister regarded her with amazement. "This is a great surprise to me," he said slowly. "I had no idea of such a thing. Child, this means a great change for you—a great responsibility."

She assented with a quick, impatient movement. "Ah," she said, "he has only a few years to live. Don't you know that? He may not have so long. Mr. Rory, what can I do? He must not be excited or troubled about anything, and now all this—the land, and the people, and the old stories, and the election—is just killing him. And, Mr. Rory, although he has bought Boronach he has not enough money to do a great deal for the people,—he has told me that. He is stirring them up to expect what he will not be able to give, and he does not see it, but I see it."

The minister laid his large, big-veined hand upon the girl's small brown one. "You have trouble, child," he said,—"I see that."

"Mr. Rory," said the girl earnestly, "he made a mistake last night. He knew nothing of Colin Stewart when he spoke as he did, and now that he knows more I think he would not interfere with him,—and Colin is just the one man that could lead Boronach at present. They want my father to stand, and it would kill him to stand, and he knows it; and now the Sergeant says Colin will not stand after what has been said, and they will urge my father again——" She checked herself. "Ah, Mr. Rory, will you help us? There is no one else I can go to."

The minister did not answer at once.

His heavy beetled eyebrows drew together in a frown that hinted at perplexity. "Barabel," he said at last, "you put me in a difficulty." "I am an old man now, and all my days I have kept so far as lay in me to my own work. I will be frank with you. I distrust the spirit that is in the people. They have suffered great hardships; I know that, and I have done what lay in my power to help them under them, and now I believe these hardships will be redressed, not by one political party or another, but by the common feeling of all parties." Barabel listened with impatience,—she had not come to talk politics. "I distrust the land agitation," Mr. Rory went on with some sternness of tone. "When all is done, the people will have lost what land cannot repay. The evil is stirred up in them. They have a hard and bitter spirit,—they have lost reverence, they have lost neighborliness and teachableness, ay, and they have lost the desire for the things of God—that in a marked degree."

"Will you not help us, then, Mr. Rory?" said the girl in a low voice.

Mr. Rory turned to her. His stern old face was concerned; his eyes, deep-set under the shaggy brows, shone with something like tenderness; he laid his hand on hers. "Child," he said, "I am very sorry for you, for I see, as you do, that there are a great many cares and troubles for you and your father in Boronach. I would give a great deal to be able to help you, and I will speak to your father, and use what influence I have to dissuade him from undertaking what would be dangerous in his state of health, but—I will take nothing to do with this election. No, and I would not though Colin were my own son according to the flesh. I have determined, Barabel, to know nothing among this people save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Barabel was silent. Any one looking

at her might have been struck by the fact that she was no longer a young girl. She sat thinking, making no movement to go away. It did not occur to her to urge Mr. Rory. Tears and prayers would not have moved the obdurate old man from what he believed to be his duty. After a time she spoke in a tone somewhat constrained.

"We are all very superstitious in Boronach," she said, with an effort to speak lightly. "I—the people—Mr. Rory, I believe Colin thinks he is under the old curse."

The minister regarded her with evident wonder. "I do not understand you," he said.

Barabel told him—half laughing, apologizing, a little tremulous hint of feeling breaking occasionally through her defences—the story of the old woman and Mr. Alexander; the prophecy, or curse, or whatever it might be called; the belief of Boronach in it; the shadow of it on Colin's childhood. She even told him the story of that old errand of hers to William, the good man, and of the gloomy answer she had brought back to the brooding boy. She was surprised to find herself telling it easily, as though it were a tale from a book. Mr. Rory took it seriously. He got up and leant on his stick till she had finished speaking.

"There is a curse on that family," he said gravely, "that was not of man's giving."

A passion of resentment shook the girl. "Ah," she cried, "it was cruel—it was cruel! To torment a little young child like that—to tell him the Evil One was waiting for him in the dark. To make him think he had no chance. It made him different from other boys. It made him old and grave when he should have been young. It was a sin—a sin: it is a sin that they should speak as they do now."

The old man turned to her, a light

of anger or determination in his eyes. "I have preached the Gospel in this place for fifty-six years," he said, "and I did not think I should find such darkness at the end of them. This is my work now, Barabel,—nay, it is the Lord's work, and I thank you for showing it to me."

He took leave of her; then, some idea seeming to strike him, he turned back towards her. "We will keep this talk to ourselves, Barabel," he said.

Whatever may have been his thought, Barabel misunderstood him. She gave a little start, as if she had been struck, the color swept over her face, and with a fine pride of bearing she met his look.

"That is as you please, Mr. Rory," she said.

The minister was left abashed. He remembered all at once something Miss Jane had said to him about Colin Stewart and Barabel. He raised his hat with old-fashioned stiffness, and went into the house. "Now God be gracious to them if this is so," said he to himself. He was growing somewhat frail, and, like a man nearing the end of his journey, was much mellowed than he had been in times past. When his housekeeper brought his porridge and milk into the study that night, he was standing at the window, and seemed unconscious of her presence. God knows what old memories stirred in him.

"Houses and lands, wives and children," he was saying to himself. "What has Roderick M'Coll to do with these?"

XXVIII.

MR. RORY MAKES A FEW REMARKS.

Mr. Rory's power in Boronach would hardly be understood or credited in our day, so great a change has passed over the Highlands of Scotland in little more than a score of years. He was one of the last survivors of a race of mighty old-world ministers whose figures loom

giant-like through the mists of the years, and round whose memories myth and legend have already gathered. His influence over the people was at the opposite pole from Mr. Campbell's, or in his day Allan Stewart's. It rested on no outward or material thing, but was the outcome of a commanding personality and a lofty character. Arbitrary and immovable from his own way as he was, people realized, albeit dimly, that there was one among them who cared for no man's judgment, who sought no earthly reward, and who wrestled with God for their souls. They were afraid of him; drunken men would make a wide detour to avoid passing the Manse; at the rumor of his coming brawls would be checked, and disturbers of the peace would disperse more hastily than before an army of police. He could hardly be described as saintly, being too rugged, too obstinate, and too biting of speech: rather he was a mighty man and a profound preacher, and when he assisted at "sacraments" anywhere over the whole Highlands, thousands flocked from all parts to listen to him.

Barabel had paid her visit to the Manse on Saturday evening, and on Sabbath morning all Boronach went as usual to church. The day was oppressively hot, and men wiped their brows with big bandana handkerchiefs as they settled down in their seats. All political parties sang the Psalms of David in temporary unison in Mr. Rory's church. The Bard and his daughter occupied Sir David's seat for the first time on this day, and many wondered why they sat there. Mr. M'Pherson from "Headquarters," who was no church-goer as a rule, followed the custom of the place and sat beside Sandy Morrison. The Sergeant, in his blue cloak, watched eagerly for the appearance of Colin Stewart, who did not come. He sat all that day in his

grandmother's broken-down house in Carndhu.

When Mr. Rory gave out his text, Barabel started perceptibly. It was the one she had mentioned the night before as having been repeated by her to Colin in the days of his childhood,—*"The Lord thy God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."* She felt sure that Mr. Rory meant to connect the sermon in some way or other with what she had told him of Colin Stewart. She trembled, not knowing what he might say or do. For the moment she wished with all her heart that she had not gone to him. As the sermon went on, however, she became less agitated. Mr. Rory preached at considerable length, and with great solemnity, on the wrath and curse of God upon sin, but there was nothing that directly connected what he said with what had passed between them the previous evening. He spoke of the awfulness of the curse,—of how nature groaned under it, of how God Himself had become man in order to remove it, and as man had died in completing the superhuman task. Then he preached the way of escape from it through the door the Risen God had left ajar for ever between earth and heaven.

It was after he had closed the Bible that Mr. Rory spoke in a few stern words of the superstitious dread with which the people of Boronach regarded anything of the nature of a human curse. He mentioned a terrible incident that occurred in his childhood in his own native place, when an aged, half-crazy woman had been done to death as a witch by some of her neighbors. *"To such lengths have fear and cowardice and ignorance led your fathers in the past,"* said the minister. Barabel could hear the beating of her own heart. Yet she need not have feared the few simple words

in which Mr. Rory referred to his grief and shame on becoming aware of "a superstitious belief among you regarding a young man who some years ago came to the relief of you and your children in a time of distress." He warned them with much solemnity against giving heed to any such dark and unholy imaginings, charging them to repeat such no more, lest they might do what Balaam feared to do, and curse one whom God had blessed. "The curse of God upon sin," he concluded, "only God Himself can remove, but the feeble maledictions of a poor fellow-creature I shall take it upon myself to thrust aside."

Mr. Rory raised his hands and the congregation stood to prayer, and the intrepid old man prayed that the love of the Father, the shepherding of the Shepherd of Israel, and the aid of the Spirit might be with "this young leader of the people, who saw Thee sick and imprisoned in our midst and ministered unto Thee." Barabel did not raise her head,—she feared lest any one should know that she was weeping.

The congregation dispersed slowly into the hot sunshine outside. They hardly knew what to think, but some were in very ill-humor. Mr. M'Ther-son of the League went home with Sandy Morrison, speaking in sheer

(To be continued.)

amazement of the power one aged man had over the hearts and imaginations of the people of Boronach.

"Ay," said Sandy shrewdly, "he has to-day broken the back of a saying that has been in this place for three generations."

Old Peggy from Carran peered up with hard shining eyes into the face of Little Cathal. "Well," she said, "it seems Mr. Rory has taken the curse off Collin Stewart."

The man looked black enough. "I think he had little call to interfere," he said; "and if he thinks we will vote for him, he is mistaken."

The Bard took a few steps in silence after leaving the church. Then he spoke bitterly. "I do not know why favor is being stirred up for that man," he said.

"Father," said Barabel quickly, a sharp pain in her voice, "it is justice, dear. It was I who told Mr. Rory."

"You!" he cried, and did not say another word till he stood opposite the stables where his home had once been. He pointed to them with his hand.

"There!" he said, "that was the site of the house where you were born, Barabel. The father made us homeless, and now it seems the son is to come between us."

Lydia Müller Mackay.

THE ALL RED ROUTE.

Traders and travellers, sailing or steaming between England and the Antipodes, may go by half a dozen routes. Much merchandise and many passengers are still carried homewards on the long sea-voyage round the point which, with cheerful disregard of Dutch spelling and pronunciation, we call Cape Horn. Considerable, too, is the outward traffic round the Cape, that of Good Hope. Voyagers and shippers

to New Zealand who rate cheapness above time, invalids who seek or are ordered to try unexciting weeks in the bracing air of the Southern Ocean, families of harassed parents and young children, are always likely to patronize these circuitous roads upon the open ocean, despite their length and monotony. But for passengers bound for Australia, as well as for New Zealanders and tourists who want speed with

variety, the choice is limited to one or other of the lines which converge on the Suez Canal, or pass by trans-shipment and railway across North America. They may choose between east and west; hitherto they have more often chosen the east. To a visitor from Mars, knowing nothing of the past history of British trade routes, this would seem not a little strange. The westward voyage enables the traveller to pass across an interesting continent, insures him a pleasant voyage across the Pacific, with glimpses of two very beautiful tropical archipelagos; and takes him to eastern Australia or New Zealand in less time than the way through Suez. The Suez route has its attractions truly. They are great, in some ways unrivalled; but in certain months of the year the Red Sea and Indian Ocean are oppressed by sultry heat or vexed by monsoon winds. Except for those whose destination is Western or South Australia, or for leisurely travellers who wish to turn aside to Egypt or India, the natural claims of the Suez-Fremantle-Adelaide route can scarcely rival those of a fast and comfortable line by way of North America. The Queensland steamers, which, touching at Singapore, reach Brisbane through Torres Straits, may fairly be classed as cargo boats. On the map Australia looks close enough to southern Asia, and a long way, indeed, from North America. But then Australia—the Australia of the white man—turns its back on the Indian Ocean. Though there are cattle and pearl fisheries in the north and north-west territory; though there are famous gold mines in the western deserts, and agriculture in the oasis round Perth; still, a line drawn across the continent from Cooktown to Spencer Gulf would have but one-fourteenth of the white population to the west and north-west of it. Such a handful are the inhabitants of the two-thirds of the

island continent nearest to Asia. To get to the seaports of eastern and south-eastern Australia, and to connect there with the passenger ships for Tasmania and New Zealand, steamers from Suez have to pass half round the not trifling expanse of Australia. This they must do to serve the needs of the four largest of the Australian group, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand, as well as of little Tasmania; all these front on the South Pacific, and are best reached from America. In the same ocean lie the Fijian islands, a backward and as yet disappointing dependency, whose great fertility and remarkable beauty, nevertheless, assure it a future of importance.

A line of communication, then, passing through Canada, Fiji, and New Zealand to the central port of eastern Australia, will thread and connect most of the chief self-governing colonies of the Empire. Of the advantages and attractions of the route more anon. In this page let me anticipate the question—Why has not a route with these claims already superseded, or, at any rate, rivalled, the noted and popular eastern lines *via* Suez? The answer is simple enough. For many years the Suez route was the only one available. More than half a century ago the enterprise of the Peninsular and Oriental Company brought Australia into steam communication with Europe long before the American railways had pierced or climbed the Rocky Mountains and reached San Francisco. And even when San Francisco was linked with New York, a long interval was to follow before the Canadian Pacific railway financiers succeeded in their apparently desperate enterprise and gained their goal at Vancouver after winding through four ranges of mountains and laying rails across two thousand miles of howling prairie desolation. During that interval Canada was not a possible line of transit. So

Antipodean colonists who grasped the importance of the Pacific route had to look to Washington. Thirty-five years ago New South Wales and New Zealand opened negotiations with the American Government for a subsidized mail service. As a result a line of steamers flying the Stars and Stripes plied for many years from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney, and the "Frisco Mail" became a household word in Australasia. Fast the steamers—judged by present-day standards—never were. More commodious, not to say luxurious, they might have been. But they, or rather their route, did attract passengers, and, at their best, they enabled London letters to arrive at Auckland in thirty-one days from St. Martin's-le-Grand. Moreover, in the face of the American tariff, they were directly and indirectly the means of fostering a considerable trade between the States and Australasia. The mail steamers did not always carry this trade themselves; but they carried the men and the letters by which the trade was opened up and pushed on. They carried the American commercial travellers, touts and wool-buyers who descended on the Trans-Pacific Colonies to buy, and still more to sell. In 1906 the trade between the United States and Australasia had mounted to the respectable figure of 11,000,000*l.* But the American Union, as befitted a community in which Protectionism had reached its high-water mark, conducted its trade with the colonies on the principle of selling as much as possible and buying in return as little as might be. A certain amount of high-class wool and of two natural monopolies, kauri gum and New Zealand hemp, they found it convenient to take. Generally, their object was to conduct a trade with a heavy balance in their own favor. The figures for 1906 show how well they succeeded. At first sight these would seem to show that the

Australian Commonwealth exported almost as much to the States as it took from them. The Australian exports amounted to 4,338,000*l.* But of this no less than 2,195,000*l.* came under the heading of "specie-gold." Comment is needless. Wool ranked next in value, forming with copper the bulk of the export. As for New Zealand, she sent to the States 640,000*l.* of merchandise, buying in return about 1,400,000*l.* of American goods.

Unpopular as American methods were in Australia and New Zealand, it has only been within the last five years that any retaliation has been attempted. New Zealand led the way with the Preferential Duties Act in 1902, and now Australia is following in her footsteps with a drastic measure. It may be too much to say that this last will destroy trade between America and Australia, but the rapid expansion of that trade is not likely to continue, and it may even find a difficulty in increasing at all.

Australasians, however, found Protectionism not the only unpopular element in the American connection. Steamers making for North America from the South Pacific have perforce to stop at Honolulu in the Hawaiian group, to coal. There is no other stopping place and coaling-station for a steamer traversing the vast expanse of the North-Eastern Pacific. Now, in the 'nineties, the Government at Washington stretched out a hand and seized the Hawaiian group. There was some excuse for this, inasmuch as the archipelago was in an uneasy state, and a certain amount of American capital had been sunk in it. But the outcome was peculiar and unpleasant for colonial shipping. After a while the American navigation laws were extended to Hawaii. This meant that the great stretch of open ocean, 2800 miles broad, between Honolulu and San Francisco, became legally part of

the coastal waters of the United States—that is to say, no foreign vessel was allowed to carry cargo or passengers from one American port to another across it. At the time of this monstrous aggression upon the natural rights of ocean navigators, the San Francisco steam service was being carried on conjointly by an American and a New Zealand Company. In obedience to the overbearing enactment, the New Zealand company had to beat a retreat, leaving the conduct of the service entirely in the hands of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company of San Francisco. This last-named corporation proved, after some years, unequal to the task. Its steamers showed, more and more, signs of wear and tear, and it complained that the subsidy given by the American Government—some £69,000 yearly, though supplemented by certain payments by the Colonies—was insufficient to support a first-class service.

An attempt was made to induce Congress to increase the subsidy, but ocean subsidies have not been popular in the House of Representatives of late years. The attempt failed, and early in 1907 the San Francisco service came to an end. It may be asked why, if the American mail service had grown to be unpopular from a traders' and inconvenient from a passengers' point of view, it had not been supplanted by something better running by way of Vancouver. The answer is that the Colonies were naturally very loth to abandon steam connection with the United States, or see the decease of a line which as a mail service was excellent, however unsatisfactory it might have been in other respects. Moreover, there was also in its favor the strong argument that it connected with the rapid Atlantic steamers between New York and Liverpool. While the service between Canada and Great Britain remained for many years respect-

able merely, those great competitors, the Cunard and the North-German Lloyd, were engaged in establishing "world records" between the Mersey and Sandy Hook. As late as seven years ago the Canadian liners were in the habit of taking ten days to cross the Atlantic, while in tonnage and splendor they could not stand a moment's comparison with their New York rivals. Within the last few years we have seen considerable progress made. Larger steamers, making a speed of eighteen knots, now make the Canadian Atlantic voyage pleasant enough; but, of course, any improvement thus effected has been thrown into the shade by the gigantic apparitions of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. Nor can it be expected that passengers, to whom time is of more consideration than money, will care to patronize boats making six knots less than these sea monsters.

In the first place, then, the United States route between Great Britain and Australasia had a very long start indeed of any Trans-Canadian project. In the next place, however unsatisfactory on the Pacific side, it had always been much faster and more luxurious on the Atlantic; and lately the British Government itself has paid an enormous subsidy to increase the disproportion of speed between the New York and Canadian routes. The Canadians, after a spirited effort to draw nearer to their rivals, have seen themselves thrown behind almost as far as ever, and have to extract what satisfaction they can from the reflection that this latest handicap is due to British ship-building skill, British seamanship, and British public money. Small wonder if, in a recent speech to a Nova Scotian audience, Sir Wilfrid Laurier thus put the case:

We have the shortest route across the ocean, namely from Liverpool to Halifax. At this moment the *Lusita-*

nia is performing a magnificent service between Liverpool and New York. She was built with British money, paid by the British Government and voted by the British Parliament. What we ask is that the British nation should do as much for Canada as it has been doing for the United States (cheers).

The long delay in urging on the organization of a fast service with the Antipodes by way of Canada is thus easily explained. In the Atlantic Canada has had to face extraordinary competitors. Even now the three Canadian Atlantic lines of steamboats have to compete with five times as many companies running to and from New York and Boston, between which ports and Britain fifteen passenger steamers ply weekly on an average. Moreover, the two eighteen-knot Canadian boats have to endure comparison with the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. Next, it must be remembered that the Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed until November 1885, fourteen years after the establishment of the San Francisco service with the Antipodes. Again, stress must be laid on the natural desire of Australia and New Zealand to develop trade with so vast a potential market as the United States. It took many years of patient waiting and hope deferred to teach the colonists that the American tariff-makers will not open the door to British Colonies. Now Australasians, like Canadians, have learned their lesson. The little glimmer of hope, fed by the Wilson tariff, was effectually extinguished by McKinley. The Colonies are left free to act without any tenderness for American feeling, and they are acting accordingly. But in the past there have been valid reasons for disregarding the advantages of the All Red route, reasons which no longer exist. These, and not any insuperable or monstrously costly natural obstacles, have been blocking the way.

Before coming to discuss features and practical details of the proposals now before the English and Colonial Governments, a word is needed to dispose of the Panama bogey. Is it the case that so soon as the Panama Canal is opened, or very shortly afterwards, the All Red route must suffer an eclipse? The answer can be a curt "no!"—a simple and confident negative. It is true that the distance from Liverpool to Auckland, by way of Colon, is a thousand miles less than by way of Vancouver. But three thousand miles of the Vancouver route will be covered by train at a speed more than double that of any probable Panama steamers. If we allow reasonable time for coaling and canal transit, eighteen-knot boats running *via* Colon would take twenty-seven days between Liverpool and Auckland, New Zealand. Why do I limit the speed to eighteen knots? Because the burden of subsidizing the line would mainly fall on New Zealand, and New Zealand for at least a generation to come would not be able to afford to pay for anything faster. As a passenger line the Panama route does not interest Australia. Canada would have nothing to do with it; nor could the mother country be expected to help New Zealand alone to pay for ocean greyhounds. Very little, if any, help could be expected from Central America, Colombia, and Ecuador. They are making progress doubtless, but they are certainly not the most solid and advanced portions of Latin America. Nor is England their mother, or London their commercial Mecca. During certain months of the year a Panama route would be healthy enough, and enjoy very pleasant weather; during other months its passengers would run the risks of tropical storms and gasp in sweltering heats. In any case it would offer the tourist but one sight—the canal. A worse route for sightseers could hardly be

imagined. The Panama Canal is not yet finished. It is not likely to be finished for ten or twelve years. When it is, its opening will not depose the All Red route.

To make the proposed new Imperial line of communication a success, its Atlantic steamers will have to rival the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* in speed, though they need not do so in size. They must be capable of steaming twenty-five knots, and actually will have to make an average of twenty-four. Thirty-eight-thousand-ton leviathans being out of the question, can boats of half that tonnage compass the needful speed? Shipbuilding experts say that there will be no difficulty about that. Whether the new boats would depart from Liverpool or from a west Irish port will be a point to be decided on by the English and Canadian Governments in conference. It is a matter upon which the Imperial Post Office will probably have something to say. Australasians will presumably accept the decision of the Atlantic authorities. All that need be said here and now is that a band of enterprising and reputable English, Irish, and Canadian gentlemen are understood to be willing to become the contractors of the All Red line, provided the British port is Blacksod Bay in Ireland. Their proposals will doubtless receive due consideration. If, on the other hand, Liverpool be the port of departure, it is claimed that steamers thence would reach Halifax in four days and eight hours. Halifax is naturally the Canadian port first thought of. In many respects it would not be easy to find a better, and in the winter months the All Red steamers must always make for it. In summer a direct voyage to Quebec may be preferred. As Sir Thomas O'Shaughnessy has just pointed out, the St. Lawrence route will always be the choice

of the tourist. That would occupy four days twenty hours, or five days six hours, and would cost more; but it would take passengers right on to Quebec. The time taken would differ according as the steamers rounded Newfoundland on the northern or southern side.

As Mr. Clifford Sifton, speaking as an experienced envoy, has lately well put it, the three objections usually taken to the passage from England to Canada may be summed up in the words: fog, ice and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is known that the more southern line followed from Liverpool to New York is beset with fogs. The ordinary passenger, therefore, assumes that the routes to Halifax and Quebec, being further north, must be foggier still. The contrary is the case. The western Atlantic fogs are bred by the contact of the ice and ice-water, drifted from the Arctic, with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Steamers bound for Quebec and Halifax pass to the north of the thickest of these mists. This is no random assertion. As Mr. Sifton pointed out, the Canadian Government has made a full and careful series of scientific observations of the Atlantic fog-enemy. These have furnished as complete a weather chart in this respect as could be required. The result is as interesting as, to most people, unexpected. It shows an average expectancy of 3.12 per cent. of fog for the Canadian passages as against fully 8 per cent. for those to New York. Ice is a more serious difficulty. It will compel the steamers to make for Halifax during the winter months, and will sometimes oblige them, even in the season when they can make Quebec, to take the longer journey round Cape Race instead of the shorter passage through the Straits of Belleisle. The difference between the two is a matter of 168 miles. With the route to Halifax ice does not inter-

fare at all; nor of course do the much exaggerated dangers of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Under this last head Mr. Sifton shows that in seventeen years only five steamers have been stranded there. Three of these accidents were proved to be due to careless navigation; only two to the natural difficulties of the highway. The Gulf of St. Lawrence, one may mention, is no half-known, mysterious, problematical waterway. It carries a very large shipping trade. Every yard of it likely to be passed by All Red steamers is accurately known, and its risks, such as they are, have been greatly diminished by information and scientific precautions. At but one spot, a place about 120 miles below Quebec, has any deepening to be done to enable the largest sized steamboats to pass up at full speed. This improvement is being carried out, and thereafter no obstacle will remain to hinder a twenty-four-knot vessel going at her best pace up to Quebec itself.

The width and depth of the Channel will be ample, and the curves nowhere short enough to be dangerous.

As already stated, the seaway to Halifax is quite unimpeded with ice, nor do shoals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence concern it. Halifax indeed has but one drawback, which is the somewhat unsatisfactory condition of the line of railway linking it with Montreal. This, however, is easily capable of improvement, and we have the assurance of the Canadian Government that the improvement will be effected without delay. For the rest, the land journey presents no difficulties or drawbacks. It were superfluous to praise the safety, speed, and comfort of this Canadian Pacific Railway system. Nor need I detain the reader with a summary of the attractions of Canada for the tourist who is in no hurry. From one end to the other, from Niagara and the Montmorency Falls to the Takak-

kaw Falls in the Rockies; from the Rock of Quebec to the glorious coastal scenery of British Columbia, Canada is a land of the picturesque on the grandest scale. The sportsman finds game without the drawback of fever; the invalid gains health without having to endure exile among men of alien speech; the Imperialist cannot spend a day without finding food for study, and, usually, for legitimate pride. As a New Zealander I should know something of natural beauty, especially where lake, mountain, and forest are found in combination. I am bound to confess that for magnificence and extent many Canadian spectacles are not to be surpassed by any land, however romantically lovely.

Once arrived at Vancouver, we begin the second and longer division of the sea-voyage to the Antipodes. This escapes some of the difficulties which beset, or are supposed to beset, the Atlantic system. Ice, shoals, and fogs are things of the past; almost from the moment of leaving Vancouver the traveller is in clear and usually brilliant air. Nor have steamboat contractors in the Pacific to face fierce competition like that of the New York lines. At present, communication between Australasia and North America is frankly of a second-class kind. Australia and Canada subsidize a service carried on between Brisbane and Vancouver, which, owing to some recent improvements, is now expected to attain a speed of fifteen knots. But from this Canada will now withdraw her grant. New Zealand is served by slower lines, the chief object of which is to carry cargo. Obviously, then, there need be no question of demanding twenty-five-knot boats for the Pacific section of the All Red route. Twenty-knot boats would introduce a revolution, and even roomy boats capable of doing nineteen knots would be so vast an improvement on recent con-

ditions as to be thankfully welcomed by all reasonable people. Let us suppose, then, for the present, that the contracting Governments are satisfied to require the actual performance of eighteen knots. Even then we shall be told that the Pacific journey presents especial difficulties. The distance from Vancouver to Auckland is 6330 miles, and to this must be added another 1280 miles to Sydney. To make the voyage attractive, steamers must halt both at Hawaii and Fiji for at least eight hours in each case. As the passengers will demand at least a glimpse of these beautiful spots, the boats must manage to arrive in the morning both at Honolulu and Suva and leave in the evening. Again, even if we assume that boats of eight thousand and nine thousand tons will be large enough—as they probably will—they will need to carry very heavy supplies of coal. A steamer leaving Vancouver might require to have from three thousand to four thousand tons of coal on board, for the coaling arrangements at Honolulu are provokingly primitive. Further supplies could be got at Suva, but time would probably be too precious there to allow more than a few hundred tons to be taken in. At Auckland, of course, the arrangements are good and coal plentiful, while, as for Sydney, nothing better could well be desired. A steamboat actually covering eighteen knots an hour could reach Auckland from Vancouver in sixteen days, after allowing a few hours for mischances.

If we assume that passengers and mails can be carried to Vancouver in eight days and a half from England, it means that Auckland is brought within twenty-four days and a half of the mother country. For a halt there and the voyage to Sydney three days more must be allowed. Yet if Sydney could be reached in twenty-seven days even, Sydney will stand to gain some

four days by the All Red route. In the case of New Zealand the gain will be very much greater. For the last nine months New Zealanders have been depending on the Suez liners to Australia for the conveyance of their mails. They do not at all like the change; whereas formerly their San Francisco mail brought them their letters in thirty-one or thirty-two days, they are now thankful to receive them in from thirty-six to thirty-eight days. For them the All Red route would mean a reduction in their mail time of at least twelve days. In other words, it would reduce their distance from the mother country by the very large proportion of one-third.

I need scarcely add that the smaller colony of Fiji would also stand to gain very greatly. The beauties of Fiji are, perhaps, not so widely famed as those of the Hawaiian archipelago. Indeed, it cannot show the same widely fantastic and terrible volcanic features. But those travellers who know the wooded hills, bright valleys, and sparkling streams of Fiji, its shining beaches and blue bays, surf-beaten reefs and innumerable palmy islets, know that it is one of the most beautiful groups of the South Seas. Moreover and that is much to the purpose, it is healthy far above the average of tropical islands. Its natives, though not equal in intellect to the Hawaiians or the Maori of New Zealand, are a bold, finely built, interesting race. At every point, indeed, the voyage across the Pacific to Sydney offers tempting halting-places to the tourist. New Zealand's various attractions are too well known to make any advertisement of them needful here. Enough to mention that the government of that new-made Dominion has of late years organized an active tourist department the object of which is to make smooth the path and pleasant the lot of the visitor to the mountains, lakes, vol-

canoes, geysers, warm springs, fiords, as well as the cultivated districts of the islands. Once at Sydney, the voyager is not only in the most beautiful harbor of Australia but at the best starting-point for striking out to reach the most characteristic scenery and most interesting colonizing work of the continent.

As an imperial mail service the All Red route will be an indubitable advance. It should save the chief cities of Canada two or three days, New Zealand twelve days, and eastern Australia four days. Such a line would be well worth a big subsidy. As a passenger line its advantages should be equally beyond cavil. The Atlantic boats should be up to the best Cunard standard in all but size. The Pacific boats should be able to carry eight hundred passengers, two hundred and fifty of them in the first class. That they would be well filled there is good reason to suppose. Every year a very large number of passengers, English and colonial, take the voyage round the world. To many of these time and variety are of more importance than twenty or thirty pounds more or less. This is not only the case with business men in a hurry, or globe-trotters with well-filled pockets. The number of colonists who in prosperous years manage to find the money for a visit to the old country is very considerable. They may have waited and saved for many years to make the journey home; but when they do manage to get away at last they like to travel comfortably and fast. To save all possible time is of the essence of their scheme; they grudge every day that stands between them and England and Europe. A fortnight more or less consumed on the way sometimes turns the scale and settles their decision to go or stay at home. It is safe, I think, to predict that part of the passenger traffic carried by the All Red

steamers will be new. Their speed, comforts, and the attractions of the route will create business. The rest of the traffic will be diverted from other lines. It may reasonably be assumed that large numbers of travellers and holiday-makers will arrange to go to the Antipodes through Canada, returning by way of Suez, or *vice versa*.

To show how quickly the passenger traffic between England and a prosperous colony will grow, let me compare the intercourse between the United Kingdom and New Zealand in the years 1900 and 1906. In the former year 2314 persons left these shores for New Zealand, while 1254 came hither from the colony; total, 3568. In 1906 the outward-bound passengers numbered 8293, the homeward, 2495; total, 10,788. This year the total should reach 12,000; and if it were possible to check accurately the numbers of all those who pass between New Zealand and Great Britain by way of Australia the totals would be larger. To an even greater extent the vastly larger traffic between Canada and Great Britain suffers by passing through New York and Boston. We know, however, that 11,810 persons of British birth landed in Canadian ports in 1901, and that in the first eight months of 1907 the figures had risen to 107,000.

The population of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand together is now about twelve millions. There are probably nearly seven millions of people in Canada to-day, while Australia and New Zealand contain rather more than five millions. These figures are not gigantic. But all but about 300,000 of the inhabitants of the three colonies are whites, and they represent a quite disproportionate wealth and industry. The imports and exports of the three communities for 1907, when added together, are not likely, I believe, to fall below 260,000,000*l*. That aggregate must seem remarkable, even to eyes

accustomed to the huge sums of British Board of Trade statistics. I do not suggest that much of this trade is to be carried by the All Red line. The fast Atlantic boats will only take light and valuable parcels. The slower Pacific boats will take what they can get. They ought soon to get a fair amount of freight. It has been gravely suggested that, because Canada and Australasia are both young countries, chiefly occupied as yet in growing food and raw material, they therefore can have nothing to exchange. If this were true as a general principle, how could the trade between Australia and

The Cornhill Magazine.

New Zealand have grown to an annual value of between 4,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.*? How could the Argentine trade with Africa, or Australasia with the South Seas? I venture to believe that the All Red line will not, only carry merchandise, but will create more trade than it carries just as did the San Francisco service across the Pacific. In any case the sea-trade of the British Colonies is convincing evidence of the mobile energy and prosperity of their people, of their claim to be worthy of the best ocean mail and passenger services, and of their ability to give such services increasing support.

W. P. Reeves.

GREEN CUSHIONS.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Lesbia, in a becoming morning frock, is seated on a sofa, alternately knitting a silk tie and gazing drearily into space. A ring is heard outside and a woman's voice inquiring: "Miss Beaumont at home?" Lesbia sings with great show of cheerfulness "Tra-la—Tra-la-la."

Enter a young married woman of prepossessing appearance.

Hullo! dear thing, how are you?

Lesbia. Oh! I'm quite all right. Why shouldn't I be?

Mrs. Hillyard (staring). My dear girl, don't eat me! You've every reason to be quite all right, of course. How's Freddy?

Lesbia. Oh! he's all right, I believe.

Mrs. H. You believe! What's the world coming to? But, my dear, I've just come from Grace's, and your bridesmaid's stuff had just arrived. It's sweet!

Lesbia. Is it?

Mrs. H. And I think her designs lovely.

Lesbia. Indeed. But the fact is, I'm not going to be married.

Mrs. H. Not going— What d'you mean?

Lesbia. What I say. I've broken it off.

Mrs. H. My dear child!

Lesbia. So that's an end of that.

Mrs. H. Tut, tut! (Pause.) But you don't really mean it. You'll make it up.

Lesbia (loftily and very fast). I don't do things to make it up after. I'm not a child.

Mrs. H. (very gravely). Oh! of course not. But may I ask? What is it?

Lesbia. Well, you know—er—Freddy's way of getting his own way.

Mrs. H. (pensively). Freddy's?

Lesbia. Yes, the way he won't let one have one's way, I mean. In some ways, of course, he's an angel!

Mrs. H. Ah!

Lesbia. But—in some ways— Well, we simply couldn't go on.

Mrs. H. But I never saw a man more devoted

Lesbia. Oh! devoted—yes.

Mrs. H. Well?

Lesbia. Well, that's not everything.

Mrs. H. (drily). It's a good deal. But what was the stumbling-block?

Lesbia. Furniture.

Mrs. H. Furniture! Yes, high hopes faint in Tottenham Court Road, and romance is shattered too often by the spare-room carpet.

Lesbia. Yes—furnishing. We simply couldn't agree. And I felt if we fell out over coal-scuttles before we were married—well, what should we do after?

Mrs. H. (breezily). Settle down to sense and sentiment, and forget you have such a thing as a drawing-room sofa.

Lesbia. Sofa! That's exactly it. You know my boudoir: I wanted it white, and Freddy said pink suited me better.

Mrs. H. So you had it pink.

Lesbia. No. White.

Mrs. H. Oh!

Lesbia. Yes. Oh, he gives in sometimes.

Mrs. H. Really?

Lesbia. Well, you are trying to-day. Mildred.

Mrs. H. So sorry, dear. Go on.

Lesbia. And I wanted a green carpet and green cushions, and Freddy said green made me look pale.

Mrs. H. So it does: I mean—yes, you had—

Lesbia. Oh! the green carpet was ordered. Mamma happened to go to Waring's the day before.

Mrs. H. I see. And the cushions?

Lesbia. Well, that's the point. I set my heart on green cushions—that lovely new shade. Freddy (*coldly*)—well, really, I do like a man to be a *gentleman*, anyhow—Freddy said he didn't want to be reminded of the Turbine every time he came home to tea. So after that—

Mrs. H. Well?

Lesbia. I just said I saw we'd never get on, and I came upstairs.

Mrs. H. Yes?

Lesbia. And I wrote and broke it off yesterday morning.

Mrs. H. And what did he say?

Lesbia. Nothing.

Mrs. H. Nothing?

(*They both gaze out of the window.*)

Mrs. H. I quite see your point. It's a pity, though.

Lesbia. How?

Mrs. H. Freddy's one in a thousand, my dear, I know. Young men nowadays! (*Raises two well-gloved little hands in horror.*) Love is a valuable thing, Lesby.

Lesbia. Freddy doesn't seem to think so.

Mrs. H. (artfully). Men are so spoilt.

Lesbia. They don't have it *all* their own way, though. It's twenty-four hours since I wrote. I've given him time; I mean, of course, I had thought it over quite dispassionately, so I'm not likely to change.

Mrs. H. (absently). Freddy's so awfully popular. I know the duchess has her eye on him for the youngest girl—the freckled one.

Lesbia. I do think if you'd fallen out with Harry I'd have been *sympathetic*. Not that I want sympathy.

Mrs. H. I do feel for you, dear.

Lesbia. Feel for me! Oh! don't waste your pity. D'you remember that man I met at the Doncasters'?

Mrs. H. Last winter? Yes.

Lesbia. I spoilt his life, he said.

Mrs. H. Men get over those things.

Lesbia. Not this man. He—he—there is some romance and chivalry left, though it's gone out of fashion, I know. He knew what love—passion—meant. He said I was the one star of his life—the dream of his dreams.

Mrs. H. Hum!

Lesbia. But I accepted Freddy instead. It was a mistake.

Mrs. H. (abruptly). Are you going to the Doncasters' dance?

Lesbia (haughtily). Certainly I am. Mistakes can be set right.

Mrs. H. I see. (*Gets up and goes and looks into looking-glass. Lesbia knits strenuously.*)

Lesbia. I shall wear my pale green.

Mrs. H. (*coming up behind her*). Green! Have you seen the papers? Every one seems to be getting engaged. It's an epidemic.

Lesbia (indifferently). Is it?

Mrs. H. Yes; there's Joan Talbot.

Lesbia. Oh, I knew that.

Mrs. H. (*slowly*). And Captain Cunard's going to marry—

Lesbia (*dropping her work slowly*). Captain Cunard?

Mrs. H. Yes. Didn't you know him somewhere?

Lesbia (*resting her chin on her hand and staring before her*). The one star of his life. . . .

Mrs. H. That pretty Miss Ward with the millionaire uncle.

Lesbia. The dream of his dreams. . . .

Mrs. H. They're to be married in June.

Lesbia (*rousing herself*). Of course I've met Captain Cunard—rather a nice man. And the girl's got money. All the better. Well, now, Mildred, I've got a lot to do. I—I've got to collect Freddy's presents. (*Looks at her engagement ring.*)

Mrs. H. (*pensively*). What a heap he gave you!

Lesbia. Yes. A good many.

Mrs. H. And you must return his letters, of course.

Lesbia. Oh! Must I?

Mrs. H. Oh! It's always done. Besides, when a man's behaved as Freddy has—

Lesbia. How d'you mean?

Mrs. H. So selfishly—so—

Lesbia. Freddy isn't selfish. He may be—he may have his own views—

Mrs. H. Yes, but to stick to them

through thick and thin regardless of your feelings!

Lesbia. My dear Mildred, I think you are speaking most unjustifiably of my—of Sir Frederick, who I thought was a particular friend of yours and Harry's. And anyhow it's my own concern.

Mrs. H. Still, to insist on green cushions?

Lesbia. White.

Mrs. H. Yes, white, I mean. I never heard of such unkindness.

Lesbia. He thinks green doesn't suit me.

Mrs. H. But what does that matter? If you do look rather older in a green room—

Lesbia. I shan't have the chance now.

Mrs. H. True. What a mercy you thought things over dispassionately in time!

Lesbia (*wipes away a furtive tear*). I think really, Mildred—

Mrs. H. (*rising*). Don't think me unsympathetic. But I see now what an escape you've had. Of course we *did* like Freddy, but I see now. You'll do much better.

Lesbia. Mildred!

Mrs. H. Good-bye, dear—don't fret. I'll look in this afternoon.

(*A ring at the door.*)

Lesbia. Mildred, wait. It must be him. I'll fly. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. H. (*alone*). Poor old Lesbia! What a fiend she must think me!

Enter Lesbia (*speaking to some one at door.*)

Lesbia. I'll take it, Jenkins. (*Comes in carrying huge parcel, wearily.*) It will only be another present, I suppose, from some idiot. (*Throws it down on sofa.*)

Mrs. H. What can it be? Such a queer parcel.

Lesbia. What do I care? It must go back.

Mrs. H. It can't, if we don't know who it's from. May I open it?

Lesbia (with surprise). Oh, certainly, if you like. (*Lesbia sits with folded hands.*)

Mrs. H. (goes behind sofa and unpacks brown-paper parcel. Reveals two large green cushions. Takes one in each hand.) Lesbia, look!

(*Lesbia turns round.*)

Lesbia, Oh! Mildred—green cushions

Mrs. H. (reading). "From Freddy."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

Lesbia. Oh, Mildred! (*Covers her face with her hands.*) Dear old Freddy! Oh! Milly, I've been a wretch.

Mrs. H. (cheerfully). Never mind now. You see what Freddy is, really. But I'll go. He can't be far off.

Lesbia. D'you think it'll be all right?

Mrs. H. You goose! Do I think? I know!

Lesbia (taking up a cushion). Milly—I'll cover them myself—in muslin—in—white muslin.

THE SALON.

For those who have haunted the eighteenth century there is magic in the word "salon": the eighteenth century which was born paradoxical—serious, sparkling, extravagant, sensible, rich in sensibility, distinguished for philosophical indifference, religiously irreligious, critical to a fault, and yet the creator of the great ideas which have served to mould modern society—such a century as Time has surely never, before or since, shaken from out his measureless sack. When we, its leisured inheritors, contemplate it, as we now can, in quiet, sitting on the furrowed battlefield where our own fate was decided, where the sword was the plough that prepared the grim earth for the seed, we can see why it was not surprising that an age which brought forth both Voltaire and Rousseau, the destructive and originative principles in man's life, should have also brought forth the Revolution. And the salons of Paris, as Miss Helen Clergue ably records in her new volume, *The Salon* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12s. 6d. net), provided the hearth for the fire. Here, among women and men, on terms of unprecedented equality, were discussed the daring thoughts,

the budding heresies which were to evoke a new world. She, like all students of the time, has found out how wrong is the popular impression of its society. Most people are prone to believe that it was made up of flashing wit and pleasure—of Cupids and roses and high-heeled gaiety—of powdered hair and light morals and brilliant billets-doux. Far from it.

The world of to-day [says Miss Clergue] would be offended at much which at that period was overlooked or condoned; but the salon, far from being an aid or abettor to a scandalous life, was, rather, society's adjuster—the court of public opinion from whence there was no appeal—as to behavior and manners, while it inspired and directed the intelligence. A high ideal of truth and beauty was its constant aim; a perfect proportion, an exquisite harmony, which tended to unity and temperance, was the rule, and less freedom in the sense of license was to be found there than in any society in the great capitals of the world before or after. . . . The private life of the individual, past or present, might be as corrupt as his code allowed, but when he entered the society of the salon he must satisfy the requirements of his environment if he would remain. Here

that which was best in thought and expression flourished, here all that was exalted in sentiment was applauded; and here, if an original idea were introduced, the divine spark was not permitted to expire for want of fanning. It is thus evident that the leader of a salon had no light task to perform; he or she was an arbiter accepted by society in the interest of good manners and high thinking, and any one who violated a law was peremptorily banished, for the ruler was autocratic and all-powerful.

Miss Clergue prefaces her study of these hostesses by a chapter on "The Evolution of the Salon," from that of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, in the seventeenth century, onwards. In the salon of Mme. de Lambert, its next noteworthy successor, which opened in 1710, there are already marked signs of an increase in social power, an enlarged vocabulary of ideas.

Interchanges of ideas cause their diffusion, and the learned, in answer to the crying need for the wider distribution of knowledge, began to forsake their Latin and to write in the popular tongue. Science as well as literature was thus brought within the comprehension of the general public, Fontenelle, for example, substituting French for Latin . . . in order that Mme. de Lambert might be able to read his scientific treatises.

As for the "common conscience" and the "impalpable forces which cannot be grasped . . . the salon, which was the certain index of its time, instantly betrayed its least variation. 'Opinion,' said Voltaire, 'governs the world.' And the salons governed opinion." Subtle atmospheric changes made themselves felt. "As the Revolution draws near, birth, which formerly had condescended to intellect, is now seen to be losing ground; intellectual predominance becomes more marked. All this is true, but true within limits. The

influence of the salons upon men's minds and morals has, perhaps, not been sufficiently dwelt on—has been sacrificed to their social glamor. But it is easy to exaggerate their sway, especially as regards the Revolution. If they were pioneers, they were also results. They were but the voice of their day, a kind of refined journalism, facilitating the spread of ideas, not creating them. Servants heard the same notions discussed behind the chairs of the liberal noblesse in their country châteaux far from Paris. The Revolution would have come without the salons, because it sprang from a great truth which would always have found apostles.

The faults of the salons were the faults of over-intellectual people. One of the earliest (we believe it was that of Mme. de Lambert) was called the *Bureau d'Esprit*, and if we translate *esprit*, by "mind," the name would also serve for the later ones. Yet we want some word less set than *Bureau*. The flowing thoughts, the shining wit were spontaneous, though they proceeded from reflective people. And this very fact makes us speculate why, despite spontaneity, the salons, with all their fascination, leave us with a certain starved sense of coldness. The reasons are not so far to seek. The only warmth that burned in these rooms was the warmth of intellect—electric light, not fire; they were brilliantly enlightened—they were not heated. For the flames of the *égotismes à deux* which were kept alive beneath the polished surface were of no more use to the general company than a fire monopolized by two, which seems to leave a room chillier than if there were no fire at all. Nor have taste, or sensibility, which is the sharpened edge of vanity, anything to say to the heart; yet taste and sensibility were the qualities then in vogue.

When we confine ourselves to the

strictly intellectual aspect of the Salons we do not succeed in losing the sense of chill. Here, too, the feelings were kept out. No prejudice was allowed within those walls, and whatever the difference of opinion among the guests, all argument was forbidden. Mme. Geoffrin's Salon was considered so important in public affairs that the German Court was said to send spies there to report proceedings. Yet the hostess definitely forbade any religious or political discussion. She, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Mme. Du Deffand, and a score of others cultivated pure reason, but they too often confounded reason with reasoning. Thus it was in the eighteenth century. The sixteenth, the age of the Renaissance, is, perhaps, the only other age which equally worshipped the intellect. But the atmosphere of that day was anything rather than frigid. Thought was an emotion; knowledge was new-born. Here we get the whole difference between the Humanists and the Encyclopædists. With the Humanists, we seem to be present at the birth of learning; but the Encyclopædists are presiding at the birth of science. At both periods, as in all times of intellectual ferment, women were very prominent; but the sumptuous ladies of the Renaissance, although they debated all things with all men, never forgot that "all men" were men, nor the men that they were women. In the later generation, though there were many *liaisons*, they were pervaded by an intellectual tone, while many of the chief friendships that existed between men and women were based upon a pure and convenient fellowship of mind. The equality between the sexes was complete, while the equality of the Renaissance stopped where true equality should begin.

There is another consideration, never to be omitted in any study of French society. The French are born artifi-

cial, with a native sense of form to direct them which often seems rather frosty to our more slipshod and elastic ideas. Even when, with Rousseau, they returned to nature, the return was unnaturally natural, and, becoming fashionable, quickly crystallized into something like conventionality. Miss Clergue shows clearly how all this mental etiquette was bound to induce in its professors a tendency to mental self-preservation. "Anything," so they would have said, "to keep the brain efficient," and they sometimes almost became intellectual valetudinarians. Their very longevity is a little irritating—we cannot help suspecting them of heartlessness. They arranged methodically for old age. "At seventy," said Mme. Geoffrin, "I shall begin to break all the attachments of my heart, then I will firmly seal it in a manner that none shall enter." And she kept her word. "You have said, my dear Grimm, that the baron was very amiable," she wrote when she was seventy-one, "it is another reason to fortify myself in my resolution to make no more acquaintances. The gate is closed." At the same time she increased in her church-going. "She went to church," remarked Marmontel, "to gain with Heaven without losing with her world." Or take Fontenelle, who was not distressed by any infirmities at ninety-five and lived till he was just upon a hundred. "I do not suffer, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing," was his comment not long before his death. "He is all mind, he loves no one," said his greatest friend, Mme. Geoffrin, forty-two years younger than himself. For nearly a quarter of a century they met daily. "'Have you any regard for me?' she asked him one day. 'I find you very amiable,' he answered. 'But if some one should tell you I had murdered one of my friends, would you believe it?' 'I should wait,' was the not too flattering reply." Per-

haps Mme. Geoffrin deserved it. "She put an end at once," says her biographer, "to any friendship which might prove painful," and "if she entered a house and found it sad or gloomy she left it at once." Yet she was full of active beneficences and "little arts and offices of friendship," as Horace Walpole called them. The only feeling, however, in which she ever really lost herself was her maternal love for Poniowski—her adopted son, he may be called—whom, when he was twenty-one, she rescued from a debtors' prison, and who finally became King of Poland. Though she was growing old when this happened, she braved all the hardships of the terrible journey and went to stay with him in his new kingdom. "I love you with all my heart," she wrote to him in her last illness, and the "all" might well stand in italics.

It was perhaps largely owing to her lack of sensibility, to her unblurred judgment and serenity, that Mme. Geoffrin was such a social power. Miss Clergue's study of her is perhaps the best in the book. A *bourgeoise* of the *bourgeoises*, she was just the woman one would have expected to worship rank, and, as her power grew, to become exclusive. On the contrary, hers was unconsciously the first Republican salon. None before her had received painters and musicians; still less had invited great lords, as well as men of letters, to meet them. Yet this feat she accomplished successfully. Her artists' dinners were on Mondays, her encyclopædic suppers on Wednesdays, but all classes met and mingled, talked and thought freely within her walls. It is quite as striking, too, that a woman unlettered and uncultivated, should by sheer force of her critical faculties have become the arbiter of books and of bookmen. "When Helvétius's 'De l'Esprit' appeared, he exclaimed to his friends, 'Let us see how

Madame Geoffrin will receive me; it is only on consultation with this thermometer of opinion that I shall know exactly of the success of my work.'" Mme. Geoffrin inherited her salon from her older friend Mme. de Tencin, the corrupt, witty Mme. de Tencin, the household goddess of the Regency, a lady who enjoyed what has been aptly called her "second innocence"—the ignorance of any morals at all. "She was born," writes Mme. Du Deffand, "with the most fascinating qualities and the most abominable defects that God ever gave to one of His creatures." Mme. de Tencin met Mme. Geoffrin in the early days of that lady's marriage to her parsimonious, commonplace husband, and saw in her a valuable auxiliary. She trained her socially; she appreciated, she suspected her. When she died, Mme. Geoffrin carried on the business and found her aristocratic and literary *clientèle* ready-made to her hand. Without Mme. de Tencin, the first, at all events, of these circles would for long have been inaccessible to her. But she had the skill which ensures ultimate success. For years she excluded the feminine element from her dinners. Later she fell in love with Mlle. de l'Espinasse, and used to invite her; but this was the single exception to her rule. Women, she was wont to say, invariably diverted attention from the conversation to themselves. Bores, too, she potently shut out, detecting the first sign of one at a glance. A wordy *raconteur* at her table once used his pocket-knife to help himself with. "Monsieur le Comte," she remarked, "one must have long knives and short stories." But she did not pronounce till she had studied. "Young one trusts, old one waits," she wrote down in her pocket-book.

The three other ladies of Miss Clergue's volume are Mme. d'Épinay, Mme. Du Deffand, and Mlle. de l'Espé-

nasse. "No two persons," she says, "could well be in greater contrast than exclusive, aristocratic Mme. Du Deffand, and bourgeoisie, philanthropic Mme. Geoffrin, her rival. Julie de l'Espinasse and Mme. d'Epinay illustrate the gentler and more feminine types of character." They were certainly feminine, but Mlle. de l'Espinasse, at any rate, was not gentle. At once composed and animated in demeanor, there burned in her beneath the surface a slow and devouring fire, which in the end consumed her. Eloquent of soul as she is eloquent of pen, her letters remain to tell us what she was. What she did is now well-known. Her dependent situation in her sister's household, her rescue by Mme. Du Deffand, her life as the companion of that lover-like despot, the deception that the younger woman practised upon the elder, and the way in which she supplanted her as hostess, the final expulsion of Mademoiselle and her migration, together with Madame's choicest guests, to a salon a few doors away, are events that hardly need rewriting. The same may be said of her love-affairs—of her fervent feeling for Mora, and her sufferings at his departure to Spain; and her *grande passion*, a few weeks later, for the cool and attractive Guilbert; of the delicacy with which she drove her two loves tandem; of Mora's death and her agonized confidences to Guilbert; of her calm, close friendship the whole time with d'Alembert, who lived beneath her roof and knew nothing of all these doings; of her own death, worn out by her feelings. Mr. Meredith alone could tell her story—indeed, we are sometimes inclined to believe that it was he who created her. The more sympathetic among us would call her complex; the less so would perhaps use the old-fashioned adjective, artful. When we free ourselves from her spell we are apt to feel a touch of the Minx in her—a

genius Minx, spontaneous and sublimated, but none the less belonging to the tribe. When Mme. Du Deffand heard of her death, "If she is in Paradise," she wrote, "the Holy Virgin had better take care, for she may rob her of the affection of the Eternal Father." Of Mme. Du Deffand, also, sitting against the background of her shabby green curtains, in her black velvet jacket and white dress with its lace ruffles, her blind eyes masking the over-lucid inner vision, there is little left to say. To the general reader the newest pages will be those about her brilliant, none too virtuous youth. At fifty she "reformed," although she "would not do rouge and the Président [Hénault] the honor of giving them up." Her taste was too good for a mortal, especially for a mortal woman; it clogged the machinery of her heart and therefore of her happiness. She became a cynic, because, in her way, she had been too much of an idealist; she had demanded so much of life that she found nothing in it. Her wit cut deep, and wit for wit's sake she saw through. *Il n'y avait dans l'Esprit des Loix de Montesquieu que de l'esprit sur les lois*, she said. Yet she liked such wit when used for pure amusement—at least she liked it when Horace Walpole was its author.

Miss Clergue starts an interesting theme when she tells us that, in this century of friendships, the great friendships were among the middle-aged; that youth cut no great figure in the salons. It is in suggestive reflections such as these that she is at her best. She is always good when she is reflective, and her gift of thoughtfulness is greater than her gift of lightness. But her book, in this case, suffers from its nature; it is not an organic whole, but too evidently a series of articles linked together and added to—with the inevitable results of repetition and of stiffness in the joints.

Much of the stiffness might nevertheless be softened did Miss Clergue pay a little more attention to her style; so good a writer as she is should not give us so many loose phrases. But such accidental faults as these are easily

The Times.

remediable and easy to indicate. It is more difficult to thank the author fitly for the conscience and real thought and solid labor—not to speak of the fascinating portraits—which enrich her volume.

THE REAL HERO OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Had the North-West Passage been discovered a hundred years ago the world would have rung with the name of its illustrious discoverer; yet on a quest in which Sir John Franklin lost his life, and where Sir Leopold McClintock failed, a Scandinavian named Amundsen, in a tiny sealing craft named the *Gjøa*, with a little crew of six men all told, has in this twentieth century unostentatiously succeeded.

Singularly and strangely silent, too, has the journalistic press been upon this remarkable achievement, and I doubt, beyond the small minority of interested geographers, if the great world of sensation-hunters outside are even aware that this noteworthy landmark in the world's history has at last been reached.

To geographers the event has been a red letter one indeed, and Captain Amundsen has received the Patron's gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, for his intrepid journey through Arctic ice and magnetic regions in the cause of science, and the clearing up of one more uncertainty in the universe of scientific minds.

The event so unostentatiously accomplished is full of interesting detail, and worthy of more enduring reference than the few brief lines I am able here to devote to it. Though Amundsen has achieved what others have hoped for and failed, and for which men have waited and watched

for centuries, yet his success was only an accompaniment to his main project—that of reaching and making observations in the vicinity of the North Magnetic Pole. With one stone he has reached the two birds! But it is not of what perhaps might be described as the greater achievement which I desire to speak, but of the lesser, yet possibly the more popular one, that of having safely pioneered his little craft through the Arctic fœes—leaving the Atlantic Ocean at the coast of Greenland, passing by water North of the great American Continent for the first time, and emerging at the other side of the Western hemisphere, from the Behring Strait into the wide Pacific!

His vessel the *Gjøa*, unlike the *Fram*, was not built specially for his purpose. It was quite an old barque, having been launched at Hardanger as far back as 1872; but it was both trusty and tried, having done excellent work in the herring fisheries on the Norwegian coast, and afterwards in the Arctic sealing trade.

In the early morning of the 17th of June, 1903, the *Gjøa's* anchor was weighed at Christiania, and after crossing the turbulent Atlantic in his little craft, Cape Farewell, the extreme southern point of Greenland, was sighted on the 11th of July. On the 15th of August he reached Dalrymple Rock, in the vicinity of Baffin Bay, where he received a large consignment

left by two Scotchmen, Captains Milne and Adams. Here he fell in with the Danish Literary Greenland Expedition, and with them he and his crew spent some days of rest, before proceeding to the kernel of their adventurous quest.

Of the entire crew of the *Gjøa* and their qualifications some mention should be made. In command was Captain Roald Amunsden, who had entered into his project with a thoroughness and self-disinterestedness which amongst explorers it is difficult to match. In the first place we are told by Sir George Taubman Goldie that he had put himself under the tuition of Dr. Von Neumayer, one of the greatest living authorities on magnetism, and devoted a long period to the study of the subject in order to qualify for his observations on terrestrial magnetism; he then went as first officer of the *Belgica* to the Antarctic regions for two years, purchasing and carefully selecting his magnetic instruments beforehand. Dr. Nansen's tribute to Amunsden sums up his thoroughness in a few words.

He was the man [he said] who planned the Expedition; and he had learnt the secret of success in Arctic expeditions, that is, in planning first, and then in preparation. The first thing he did was to learn to make his scientific observations, the next to purchase his instruments, the third to buy his ship. It is generally the opposite with explorers. They go first for the ship and then are satisfied with what scientific information they can obtain before they start.

But it was not in scientific knowledge alone that Amunsden had made his preparations. He had gathered all the information which in a journey of the sort it was necessary for him to know, and in the failure of others he had gathered strength. In his address in February last to the Royal

Geographical Society on his return he is particularly unassuming, and I may say almost apologetic in his tone.

To Sir John Franklin [he remarked] must be given the honor to have discovered that there *was* a North-West Passage; to Admiral Sir Robert McClure, that of being the first to pass through it, partly in his vessel the *Investigator* and partly on foot.

However, it is only the humility of a great nature like Amunsden's which desires to share what undoubtedly are *his* laurels alone, and what he accomplished by water alone, for McClure's overland journey cannot be described as a passage, even allowing that he may have suspected, if not been really aware, that the passage did exist.

On the foundations laid by the splendid work done [said Amunsden], and the rich fund of experience gained by English navigators in these regions, I succeeded in the track of Sir James Ross, Dr. John Rae, Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir Allen Young and many others, in making my way in the *Gjøa* to the region round the earth's North Magnetic Pole, and furthermore in sailing through the North-West Passage in its entirety! If I have been the first to sail through the North-West Passage, it is with pleasure that I share the honor with those brave English seamen, who here, as in most other parts of the world, have taken the lead and shown us the way.

Of the rest of the crew, all were selected by Captain Amunsden. His second in command was Lieutenant Godfred Hansen of the Danish Navy. He was the navigator of the expedition; astronomer, geologist, surgeon, photographer, electrician, and expert in dealing with explosives, also, as Amunsden humorously observed, he "played star-parts," as meteorologist and magnetician. Next came Gustav Juel Wilk, who was the one life sacri-

ficed in the journey, and that regretably almost within sight of home. He was the second engineer and left most valuable notes of magnetic observation and research behind him, made during the expedition. He had qualified previously at the Observatory at Potsdam. The first engineer was Sergeant Peder Ristveldt, who also filled the rôle of meteorologist, smith, clockmaker, copper and tin-smith, and gunsmith. The mate of the expedition, Anton Lund, the veteran of the band, being born at Tromsø in 1864, graduated in the Norwegian sloops of the Arctic Ocean. The second mate, Helma Hansen, had been a fisherman and Arctic navigator. Last of all came the cook, Adolf Henrik Lindström, who had taken part in Sverdrup's expedition in the *Fram*, and who, as Amunsden described it, "voluntarily filled the vacant posts of botanist and zoologist, and with his collecting box, his shotgun in his hand, and his butterfly-net, woe to the flower, bird, or insect that came his way on the Arctic summer evenings, once his kitchen-work was ended!"

It will be seen from this that Amunsden had a reliable back to aid him in the accomplishment of his purpose, and the little crew of the little *Gjøa* were all diplomaed.

After bidding his friends of the Danish Literary Greenland Fund adieu on the 17th of August, the *Gjøa* made her way across Baffin Bay, sighting the Carey Islands. She was deeply laden and had at this time (having acquired stores), as Amunsden describes it, a "sky-scraping deck cargo," as well as eighteen dogs shipped at Godhavn. Fortunately the weather was fine and the sea smooth. Here he met icebergs, and the land seemed extremely barren. On the 22nd of August the expedition reached Beechey Island, where are situated the ruins of a house

erected by the British Government for the relief of the Franklin Expedition. Here were also five graves of members of the relief party as well as a handsome marble tablet to the memory of Sir John Franklin, erected by his wife.

On the 24th the *Gjøa* entered Peel Sound, along which she made a slow progress through the floating ice. On reaching Prescott Island, the compass, which had been capricious for some days, became unmanageable altogether, the northern point dipping and becoming fixed. Still, although a dense fog prevailed, and they were in doubt as to their bearings, they continued their journey, and on the 28th of August reached the spot where Sir Allen Young's vessel, *The Pandora*, had been blocked by impenetrable ice. Later on the same day they passed the entrance to Bellot Strait, which Sir Leopold McClintock had endeavored to force and failed. Then came their journey along the coast of what had been named Boothia Felix. Here they met with shoal water, constant fog, and pitch-dark nights, and here they grounded for the first time. After this there followed a period of calm and deep water, with many small islands hitherto unmapped, the previous chart having been made in winter time when land and sea were alike covered with a mantle of ice, and the islands were from this cause indistinguishable. It was during an anchorage at one of these that the progress of the little band nearly came to an abrupt termination, and that they narrowly escaped the fate that had met Sir John Franklin and his party. A cry of "fire!" rang out one night amid the great Arctic solitude! An ominous pillar of flame was seen by those ashore shooting up from the engine-room skylight, for the *Gjøa* carried a small petroleum motor, of thirty-nine horse power, which Amunsden had fitted into

her to enable them to proceed when there was a lack of wind. There were seven thousand gallons of petroleum on board besides great quantities of gunpowder and other explosives. It looked as if the vessel was fated, and the loss of their vessel meant the loss of their lives, for they were anchored at a small island, with no means of getting to the mainland, and by the time the winter would have frozen a passage across they must inevitably have perished from starvation or exposure. Fortunately poor Wilk, the engineer on watch, had not vacated his post, and he was beheld battling bravely with the overpowering smoke. Those on shore ran with terror-winged steps to his aid, and by their combined efforts the fire was got under; but it was through Wilk, who lost his own life later on in the expedition, that the lives of the rest of the party were saved and the vessel suffered to achieve her triumph! The fire had arisen through some cotton becoming saturated with petroleum, and, possibly through contact with the engine, igniting. Fortunately the injury sustained was able to be remedied before long, and they were suffered to proceed on their way. After meeting with very rough, dark weather, shoals, rocks and bergs, the *Gjøa* passed all unharmed in her charmed course, on the 9th of September into a haven of peace and safety at the head of Petersen Bay, in King William Land. This was christened Gjøahavn, or Gjøa Harbor, and here in the neighborhood of the North Magnetic Pole Amundsen's band devoted nineteen months to continuous magnetic observations, which were kept up uninterruptedly night and day for this period, the instruments carried by the expedition being of the best that money could buy or experience select. Professor Mohn had equipped the expedition with a complete set of meteorological instru-

ments and seen to the competence of the meteorologist of the expedition, while Dr. Aksel Steen, the Norwegian meteorologist, had been Amundsen's instructor before his departure, and Professor Geelmuyden had attended to the entire astronomical equipment.

In Gjøahavn a nice shelter was afforded to the adventurous little ship by a bank of sand rising 150 feet high and then breaking abruptly away, leaving a small basin of smooth water, where the vessel could lie at anchor in absolute security.

The meeting of the white men with the first Esquimo at this high latitude is very amusing. The Esquimo, who spoke no Esquimo language that any of the party were familiar with, called themselves Ogluli Esquimo. At first they formed themselves in fighting line, but by signs discovering that the *Gjøa* party's intentions were pacific, they stroked and patted Amundsen and his followers before and behind, and the white men in token of friendliness followed suit, and as Amundsen observes, "shouted and howled, patted and slapped to the best of their ability" till the utmost *camaraderie* prevailed. It was with the Nechjilli Esquimo that they secured the best friends, and this almost unknown race of Esquimo, who visited their happy hunting ground shortly after, became their inseparable allies during the long stay of two winters which they made in this Arctic haven. Of these two tribes Amundsen speaks well, but there was a third tribe he met, called the Ichjuachtorvik Esquimo, whom he describes as thieves, and who stole his store of provisions; he found they could not be trusted as he did their compatriots.

Amundsen's description of the Aurora Borealis, while wintering at Gjøahavn, in this focus of terrestrial magnetism, is worth repeating, and is best told in his own words.

The days had begun to be shorter and the cold sharper. Then came Christmas Eve, the first on board the *Gjöa*. The weather was splendid; absolutely still, and sparkingly bright. And what a Christmas Eve it was out here! The most glorious Aurora we had yet seen lighted up the entire sky in chasing rays from the horizon towards the zenith. The rays seemed to be racing one another, racing to see which would be the first in the wild chase. Then they all suddenly unite, as if at a given signal, and change into the shape of a soft, delicately-formed ribbon, twisting in light and graceful movement. It is as if the unquiet beams had suddenly sought rest. Are they, perhaps, thinking of something new? Then, suddenly the beautiful ribbon is, as it were, torn in many pieces. Again begins the chase. Again the wild flight. It is as if the zenith would now be chosen as the central point of the whole movement. And so it is. Suddenly, as if by magic, the most glorious corona streams forth from it.

Here was the focus, the fiery crown sending out its gleaming rays in magic splendor right overhead. To those who never beheld such a sight it requires no little effort of the imagination to picture the wonderful appearance of such a phenomenon!

During Amunsden's sojourn at Gjöahavn his party became expert hut-builders, being instructed by the Esquimo, who marvelled at the number of snow houses the strangers took to building, and not realizing that their object was to become adepts in the art. One, the old man they employed as teacher, exclaiming repeatedly "Iglu amichjul—amichjuy—amichjuy!" which signified, "This is a dreadful lot of houses." But they continued to construct a fresh house each day, and eventually became quite experienced hut-builders. The houses were constructed from within and in solid blocks of frozen snow or ice tapering towards the top, the outside surface

being rendered air-tight by a covering of the loose snow which lay around. Apart from the snow houses built for practice, they had erected a "magnetic variation" house, an astronomical observatory, called the "Uranianborg," with a roof of transparent sail cloth, residences for the meteorologist and magnetician, &c. Their first winter's store, too, was a very liberal allowance, consisting of about a hundred reindeer which they had shot, so that when the ice formed on the 1st of October, and a hard-weather awning was extended across their vessel, they were prepared for the approach of their first Arctic winter.

Amunsden describes the Ogluli Esquimo as having the redskin type of complexion, "tall, slim, and instead of the broad Esquimo nose, one better shaped and somewhat arched." The Nechjilly Esquimo have their home on the banks of Wildersted Lake, on the Boothia Isthmus, but though they were his constant companions during the summer time, only one family remained with him during the winter. The Ichjuachtorvik were from the East Coast of Boothia Felix, where Sir James Ross spent his winter with his ship *Victory* in 1831. When approaching the Pacific Coast Amunsden fell in with a tribe called the Kilnernerium Esquimo, who, he tells us, "had their hunting grounds from the Coppermine River eastwards, and who, like the others mentioned, had no connection with civilization." The only tribe he seems to have come across who had access to the outward world were the Kinepatu tribe, from Chesterfield Inlet, near Hudson Bay. A remarkable instance of endurance he relates about a member of this band, a man named Atagula, who spoke a little English. Through him he received his first communication from the world he had left since he had spent his two winters amid Arctic snows. The man in-

formed him that near where he lived two large vessels were moored. Here was Amunsden's chance, and accordingly, for the remuneration of a Mauser rifle and some rounds of cartridge, the Esquimo conveyed a letter to the ships, a distance of 1500 miles there and back, asking for a consignment of dogs, as most of Amunsden's had died during the first winter. Atagula started before the end of November 1904 and on the 20th of May, 1905, reappeared with a sledge-team of ten dogs, sent by Major Moody of the *Arctic*, formerly the *Gauss* (built for the German South Polar Expedition), and Captain Comer of the *Era*, an American whaler; the two ships that the Esquimo had previously referred to.

The second winter big game was not nearly so plentiful, but they made up for its loss with salmon and a varied diet. Of birds of passage they met with swans, geese, loons, ducks, elders and innumerable small birds. The ptarmigan appeared in March and disappeared in November. The only "stationary animals" were the Arctic fox, the stoat and lemming, but bears, reindeer, and seals were to be had, the reindeer, especially, affording good sport for the gun. In summer large areas were covered with flowers, and the insects comprised butterflies, gnats by the million, as well as the common fly. The geologist, alone, had no work to do, the land consisting for the most part of sand without showing rock formation of any sort, but geographical work of much importance was done in charting the coast line of Victoria Land and filling all gaps between Collinson's Gateshead Island and McClure's work in 1853, and enabling McClintock Strait now to be mapped on both sides.

On the 1st of June they began to prepare to leave their quarters, putting by their instruments and other belongings, but it was not until the 19th of August that they continued their journey west-

ward and took leave of their Esquimo friends, the Nechjilly, who waved them a long and regretful farewell. Amunsden was accompanied on his return journey by a young Esquimo of unusual intelligence to whom he intended to show the wonders of the great unknown world afar, and send him back should it not suit him, but the lad was unfortunately drowned accidentally at Herschel Island. In his address, Amunsden refers to him in a lingering tone of regret.

He won us one and all [he said] by his openness and honesty, and even the cook, who hated Esquimo, had a warm feeling for him somewhere at the bottom of his heart. It was my intention to bring him home and show him a little of the world he could never have imagined, and to send him back again in the event of his wishing it.

It is indeed a pity so promising a specimen of an unknown Esquimo tribe could not have been submitted to us for inspection here.

On the 21st of August the *Gjoa* passed through Dolphin and Union Straits and on the 23rd sighted an American sailing ship. But the 3rd of September found them in the lock of another ice-grip, and with the vessel *Bonanza* now as a companion they were obliged to prepare for a third Arctic winter. The shore, however, was full of drift-wood, and there was no lack of fish and hares for food. This time their houses and observatories were constructed of timber. Here, however, they met with their sad loss in the death of Gustav Wiik, who took ill and died. A large cross with an inscription marks his resting place; this they erected on a prominent point where it will serve as a land-mark to the ships which pass by. As they left their winterings on the 11th of July, 1906, Amunsden says pathetically, "We took a last farewell of our comrade whom

we were leaving behind us out there, and dipped our flag as a last mark of honor to him as we passed under his grave."

At Herschel Island they had another wait, and here they lost their young Esquimo friend; then on the 30th of August they entered Behring Strait after a journey through many narrow passages and sharp turnings. On the 31st of August they called at a gold-digging town of Alaska, named Nome, where they met with an enthusiastic reception, and here the adventures of the brave little party came to an end. Later they took the *Gjøa* to San Francisco, where she is now in the charge of the American Navy.

Two instances, one of self-abnegation and the other of foresight, have been pointed out in connection with Amundsen's action in this expedition:—

First, he voluntarily spent two winters in the neighborhood of the North Magnetic Pole for the purpose of making observations, that science might be the richer on his return by his investigations, instead of proceeding on his way when the tempting bait of making the North West Passage he felt intuitively to be within his grasp.

And, secondly, that in obedience to his correct judgment, the course of the *Gjøa* was directed southwards, for, having skirted the further coast of Greenland to the extreme North West, where there was a channel leading north, he decided not to proceed on, but directed his course to the south of Beechey Island. As Captain Creak remarked, "Fortunately he had an excellent signpost in his magnetic instruments. Theorists said 'go North,' but the magnetic instruments said 'go South.'" He accordingly resisted the temptation to follow the northerly route, which presumably others had taken and failed, and directed his course southwards. Consequently, in

pursuing the waterway to the south he struck the passage, whereas, had he followed his first inclinations and proceeded in the northerly direction, he, in all probability, must have returned by the way he came.

It is a curious coincidence that both the North-West Passage and North-East Passage have been made by Scandinavians, the latter by Baron Nils Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld, a Swedish explorer and scientist, and, as Dr. Nansen points out, that ever since the eighth century the Norseman has been in quest of the same goal—the North-West Passage. From the time the Vikings had visited Iceland, and Gunbiörn had discovered Greenland (about A.D. 981), whither his countrymen had pressed forward and formed settlements, on to A.D. 1000, when the Norsemen proceeded on a voyage of discovery, visiting various parts of North America, including Newfoundland and Labrador, their trend had been in a North-westerly direction through Davis Straits into Baffin Bay, and again still further North until all trace was lost of them. Yet these only were the pioneers, and not till over one thousand years afterwards, in this new twentieth century, has the feat been regularly accomplished, though this still has been by a Norseman! Notwithstanding the excellent work recently done in southern latitudes by Captain Scott and the crew of the *Discovery*, in the Arctic as well as in the Antarctic there is still a sealed page which it is left for this century to unloose.

Scientifically, geographically, archaeologically and zoologically the world still possesses many secrets to be unravelled and problems to be evolved—sealed pages in the Book of Knowledge! Old Mother Earth has not come to the end of her rope! But whatever surprises may await the enquiring mind this present twentieth century, among the names of the illus-

trious ones of the earth, that of Roald Amundsen, even at this late hour of Time's "Indicator," must go down to a
The Nineteenth Century and After.

future posterity, not simply as the accomplisher, but as the actual discoverer of the North-West Passage!

Alfred Smythe.

THE NEW SESSION.

The third Session of the Parliament of 1906 was opened on Wednesday by the King in person, in brilliant weather, which made what is always a striking ceremonial more than usually successful, though the absence of the Prime Minister and its cause gave rise to much regret. But the ceremonial, after all, is a matter of passing interest. The legislative programme announced by the King in the Speech from the Throne, and still more the policy of the Administration, are what affect the real interests of the people. And the first comment which must rise to the lips of those who read the Speech will be that it is rich in promises. Mr. Balfour, remembering, perhaps, how careful he had himself been as Prime Minister to avoid the charge of over-legislation, attacked the Government for either attempting the impossible, or contemplating the application of the closure in some new and aggravated form. Does the King's Speech really give foundation for this criticism? The first and the largest half of it was taken up with international interests and colonial affairs. A very appropriate recognition of the importance of the German Emperor's visit to this country last autumn should prove the value which the Government, in common with most sensible people, attach to a good understanding with Germany. We shall see this better, however, in the Naval Estimates. Then, after an allusion to the death of the late King of Sweden, it touched on the Anglo-Russian Convention, an instrument making, in our opinion, almost

entirely for good, though it has been more severely criticized by supporters of the Government than by its opponents. It is to form the subject of a separate debate; but here, again, the value of the understanding will be tested by its financial fruits. Meanwhile, all that need be noted is that Mr. Asquith, in his able vindication of the policy of pacific arrangements between England and Russia, seemed to ignore the charge that one of these arrangements was come to without consulting the Persians themselves, whose territory and interests it affected. The succeeding paragraphs of the Speech were taken up with the results of the Hague Conference, the deplorable state of Macedonia, and the almost more horrible condition of things in the Congo. It cannot be said that with regard to the last two countries, any definite prospect is held out of either a more vigorous British policy, or a brighter future. Indeed, many enlightened persons are beginning to sigh for the return of Lord Lansdowne. Having regard to the decision of the Hague Conference to establish an International Court of Appeal in prize cases, the Government are contemplating the practical step of holding a Conference in London of representatives of the leading maritime nations to settle the principles and system of International Law which are to guide the Tribunal. This would be a good opportunity of abandoning in the interests of peace and commerce the practice of capturing and destroying private property at sea. The non-domestic part of the Speech concluded

with the grave admission that India is suffering from a calamitous condition of plague and famine, for which, however, measures of relief are being carried out with all possible energy.

Then followed the intimation always specially reserved for the Commons, that the estimates of the year would be laid before them, and with this was coupled the announcement that the Government have in contemplation some scheme of old age pensions. Such an announcement had been long foreseen; nor could it be postponed, in view of the strong feeling on the subject existing in the ranks of the Liberal and Labor parties. We should, however, have expected it to have been accompanied by some statement that the enormous expenditure upon military establishments, which has been maintained now for two years by the Liberal Government, was to be brought within reasonable limits. Instead of this, we have a most ominous omission—the omission of the usual sentence informing the House that the Estimates have been prepared with a view to economy. It is not easy to understand why the Army and the Navy should be kept on a footing of war, or as if war were imminent, and as if we were surrounded by hostile nations, when we are actually on terms of formal or informal alliance with nearly every powerful country, and though, as Lord St. Aldwyn said on Monday, “there never was a time when the prospects of peace, and of sustained peace, were more hopeful than at present.” It is still less easy to understand how twenty millions a year more can be devoted to armaments than were devoted a decade ago, and how at the same time a scheme of old age pensions can be launched which may involve anything from five to twenty-five millions a year. To us, as economists, the withdrawal of all these millions a year from the pro-

ductive expenditure of the country seems open to the gravest criticism. And how the Liberal party, which pledged itself to the constituencies to cut down this extravagance, and to reduce the war taxes, can now drop economy out of its programme is altogether beyond us. We predict that the tax payers will drop the Government if the Government drops them, and we trust that the House of Commons will speedily awake to a sense of its pledges and financial responsibilities. Perhaps their narrow escape from defeat on the Unemployed Amendment may warn the Government that military mania and social zeal are ill companions.

The list of measures promised by the Government in the concluding portion of the King's Speech is much what might have been expected from the speeches of Ministers during the recess. First figures a Licensing Bill, a reform most difficult, indeed, of achievement, but one demanded by a growing body of opinion not by any means confined to the Liberal party. The same may be said of the promised Bill on elementary education. When the Government have carried workable measures on these questions through the Commons, they will have the further difficulty of the Lords. In saying that we do not lose sight of the promised legislation for Ireland, involving the grant of a Roman Catholic University and the amendment of the Land Purchase Act of 1903, by giving compulsory powers for the acquisition of untenanted lands. It is plain from the attitude alike of the Nationalists and the Tories on the opening day of Parliament that Ireland will be the centre of fierce controversy from many points of view. The other principal measures which fall into the contemplated programme, though of the utmost importance, will excite less difference of opinion. They include a

Housing Bill, an Eight Hours' Bill, a Valuation of Property Bill, a Port of London Bill, and a Bill for the Protection of Children and the treatment of Juvenile Offenders. In addition, there are the Scottish Land Bill and the Scot-

The Economist.

tish Valuation Bill, rejected so summarily by the Lords last year, which will be passed rapidly again through the Commons, and again sent to the Lords. Obviously the Government have undertaken a formidable task.

OUIDA.

Louise de la Ramée had the divine fire. Though with her the flame was not as pure or as constant as with Charlotte Brontë, and though it had not the intensity which in Emily Brontë made darkness luminous, it is no less assured, no less incontestable. Perhaps this is a hard saying. We have learnt from Helne that Apollo may come in mean vesture, and from the legends of the saints that the angels can assume the shapes of men. But in each case the humility is garbed with fitness. For a long time with Ouida the stigmata of the spirit were faint and hidden by the fashion of the day, and still she suffers from the ineradicable label of the reading public.

Beyond any doubt *Strathmore*, *Chandos*, *Under Two Flags*, and the other stories of that period were a shock, a series of shocks, to a society which was dazzled by the proof of its own brilliance in the Exhibition of 1862. It was to have other shocks from Mr. A. C. Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and various poets and painters. The shock from Ouida was different from these because it was direct, not conveyed by special media. Ouida, as her heroes would have said, "countered" the general public. It is not quite accurate, her heroes rarely were; but it conveys the idea of a direct assault, and that was the character of her appearance before the public.

It came at the time when the English middle-class public were on the verge of a relapse into stodginess. The

great writers of fiction had nearly done their work and, as the handbooks say, "The Age of Trollope" had begun. Trollope is good, but *toujours* Trollope! There was an offset in the novels of Major Lawrence, who had popularized the paganism which Kingsley called muscular Christianity. Lawrence had his good points, but imagination was not among them. The gospel of force appeals to women, and Ouida took up the coarse web of Lawrence, and by her fervor, exuberance, and imagination changed it into an Oriental fabric stiff with gold and shining with gems. It caught at once the popular taste, or at all events that part of the public which had not bowed the knee to Baal. That was the day of the triumph of what the Germans call *Manchesterismus*. It was a great triumph, but like many others it misrepresented nearly as much as it represented. There were so many permanent needs of human nature that it did not satisfy. The recoil from *Manchesterismus* was in the long run most strongly expressed by Ruskin, but the average unregenerate persons of that day went to Ouida.

It was to no purpose that critics laid stress on her want of fidelity to life. That was not her concern, nor the concern of her readers; Ouida was ministering to the idealistic spirit in men and women. She was an idealist who through George Sand went back to Rousseau, and she was—in *Tricotrin*—a republican who was an aristocrat as well. And she was sincere in that,

as she was sincere and naïve in everything she wrote, because she did not then write from observation but from feeling. The time came when she wrote from observation joined with sympathy. She did that in *A Dog of Flanders*, in *A Village Commune*, and in *The Silver Christ* she produced a story which might be bound up with the *Trois Contes* of Flaubert.

Ouida was eloquent and diffuse, and the critics told her to be temperate and concise; she was honest and uncompromising, and they said she wanted *savoir vivre*. She always did, poor woman! She loved Nature, and man, and children, and animals, and sometimes she loved women. Her visions were vivid and unpractical, her desires

The Outlook.

were uncontrolled, and she fared ill towards the end of her days; but she was born with the divine fire and she kept the flame burning. Her language was the speech that dumb natures can understand and she nourished the feelings upon which humanity has to live. As a literary artist she may be inferior to Miss Austen, but she could have provided all that lady's characters with souls and she would not have been the poorer for doing so. The literary critics who write well declare that writers endure by their style. Louise de la Ramée could write well, but she will live because she had just that spark of genius which is the other great preservative.

AMELIE D'ORLEANS.

(FEBRUARY 1. 1808)

Where some had crouched, she rose; where some had cowered,

She struck, and struck again; and leonine,

Over her dead defying death, she towered,

Child of old France and of the ancient line;

This is the noblest of created things,

This reaches to the shining gates above,

More regal than the majesty of Kings,

More beautiful than beauty,—valiant love.

Frank Taylor.

The Spectator,

THE LOVE OF THE OBVIOUS.

How is it that no one chafes when a man gets up and says "I rise to move"? He is not addressing an audience of the blind and most of his hearers are in front of him or at any rate easily able to see that he was sitting and is now standing. One might have thought it would be irritating to be informed time after time of a fact every one can perceive, indeed can hardly not perceive, for himself. Yet

the audience is not annoyed, but rather would be annoyed if the speaker omitted any reference to his obvious posture and contented himself with stating all that there was any need to state, that he moved &c. One might suppose, one who had known but little of human nature in the mass, that the object of listening was to hear something you did not know, not things you did know. A young man might

even think it verged on the insulting to tell people solemnly things it was almost certain they all knew already. Is it not a rude suggestion that they are ignorant of what every one else knows? And so in his innocence he might painfully prune his speech of everything his hearers might reasonably be assumed to know, of all suspicion of platitude, of commonplace; and give them something brand new, fresh and curious, all obviousness strained out. The poor man would be terribly disappointed at the reception he would get, at any rate if he spoke in this country. He is probably talking to an average audience of common-sense men and women. No sparks fly at his unexpected blows, no cheers ring; his neat new points fall as coldly in the silence as the light dead needles in a pine forest. The young man learns his lesson, and in future saves himself a deal of trouble and earns much applause for his little pains. We may not expect ghosts (most of us would probably have felt like Horatio and Marcellus) to tell us what is obvious, but we do expect men to, and we are not pleased if they don't.

Of course, we shall have Mr. Shaw, Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Meredith, and on a lower level Mr. Chesterton (to speak only of living men) thrown at our heads. What do they prove? Simply that there is the exceptional minority which does not love the obvious and most naturally rises to the rare person who never gives them the obvious. It does not require a big public to give a man a vogue; a man may be famous whom the average man has never heard of, still less listened to. If you are keener on name than money-bags and don't want to produce any effect, you may condemn the multitude that loves the obvious. But should your business lie with the mass, as does the politician's, your passage to influence will be painful

and slow, if the obvious is not your stock in trade. Is it not a commonplace that Mr. Balfour is too good for the multitude? He has not the hold of the people Mr. Chamberlain had, precisely because he does not deal in the obvious. Why, the one certain specific for drawing a cheer and evoking enthusiasm is to give forth solemnly and sonorously an unimpeachable party platitude. If you are a Conservative, say that this is the worst Government the country has ever known; if you are a Liberal, say the best. This striking proposition will never fail of its effect. Or if the occasion is a high one, when the theme should rise a little above mere party politics, remark with an air of profound conviction, as though you had arrived at your conclusion after much thought and anxious inquiry, that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to govern the world, or that ours is the greatest empire the world has ever seen; or that the name of England stands for freedom, or that an Englishman never quails before priest or king. We would lay considerable odds that no competent speaker gave forth any one of these obvious propositions at any large meeting of Englishmen without drawing loud applause. Also, that if he gave several of them, the meeting would become hot with enthusiasm, and depart full of the "magnificent speech" they had heard.

Partly, no doubt, this delight in the obvious is due to indolence. Obvious remarks can be taken in without any stirring of the mind. Everything that is new involves an effort, and effort has in it always something of pain. We remember a quite prominent man in this country, a name much in the papers, who looking over the draft of a speech he had to make invariably pronounced the obvious passages such as "I have the greatest pleasure in proposing Mr. So-and-so's health"

"d—d good!" (If the phrase is objected to, we can't help it; it is what he said.) He could take in these passages without effort.

A more scientific explanation is possible. Every new sentiment or idea is foreign to the hearer's mind. A foreign body, an alien substance, sets up irritation in the body into which it is introduced. This irritation may be a stimulus, exciting some pleasantly, others painfully. Once assimilated, the alien immigrant may prove a healthy medicine. So with new ideas and unfamiliar thoughts.

The Saturday Review.

Or, the whole, we should say that the great secret of the love for the obvious was just Aristotle's diagnosis; it is the love of ourselves. If we find presented to us just what we have always thought, we recognize ourselves, and clasp the old friend to our bosom. We want the speaker or a book to hold a mirror to our own minds. If the glass proves not a mirror in which we can see ourselves, but a telescope through which with taking pains we can see stars and other worlds, we are much upset. It is not what we expected.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Among E. P. Dutton & Co.'s publications this month are: "The Unlucky Family," by Mrs Henry de la Pasture, illustrated by E. T. Reed; "The Call of the Deep," by Frank T. Bullen; "The Playmate," by Charles Turley; "A Walking Gentleman," by James Prior; "Ludwig the Second, King of Bavaria," by Clara Tschudi; "Quaker and Courtier, The Life and Work of William Penn," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant.

Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple" appears in Everyman's Library with a somewhat ampler Introduction than usual, contributed by R. Brimley Johnson. This is interesting both as a biography and as an appreciation, and not least in the quotations which are made from the author's own explanation of the motives which governed his writing and the classes to which he appealed. Especially good is his defence against a hostile critic in "Fraser's." E. P. Dutton & Co.

The poem "Fate" printed on page 514 of this number of *The Living Age* was written, as there indicated, by Susan Marr Spalding, and it may be found

in the fortieth volume of Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," page 16,371. It was printed as an original poem in *The Saturday Review* for January 18th, 1908, over the signature G. E. Edmundsen. It is a striking bit of verse, and Mr. Edmundsen showed more taste than conscience in appropriating it to himself.

Besides "The Great Secret" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "Janet of the Dunes" by Harriet T. Comstock, already published, Little, Brown & Co.'s early 1908 novels include "The Reaping," by Mary Imlay Taylor, author of "The Impersonator" etc., "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery" a detective story by Roman Doubleday, a new writer, "The Supreme Gift" by Grace Denio Litchfield, a new novel by Anna Chapin Ray, "The Weight of the Name" by Paul Bourget, translated by George Burnham Ives, "The Heart of the Red Firs" a story of the northwest, by Ada Woodruff Anderson, "The Adventures of Charles Edward" by Harrison Rhodes, and "The Five Knots" a new mystery story by Fred M. White.

The title of Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin's little volume "The Ifs of History" (Henry Altemus Company) piques the curiosity at once; and the reader who begins turning over its pages will soon find himself lost in fascinating speculations. At such and such a crisis in a nation's history a certain thing happened which affected the whole course of subsequent history: what now, if the opposite thing had happened? Mr. Chamberlin puts this question and essays to answer it with reference to a score or more of crises, ancient and modern, from the times of Themistocles to the recent past. His style is lucid and forceful and his book, considering the number of questions with which it deals, is singularly modest in size and easy to read.

"Kalevala" or "The Land of Heroes," the national epic of Finland has been newly translated direct from the Finnish by W. F. Kirby, who has had remarkable success in preserving both its form and substance. The measure is that familiar in Longfellow's "Hiawatha,"—indeed, Longfellow took both the measure and many features of his poem from a German version of this great epic. People who are interested in such matters may find time to compare the two. Mr. Kirby's rendering is a smooth one, except that he finds difficulty, as any translator might, in getting some of the unmanageable Finnish names into the Hiawatha measure. His translation, which appears in two volumes in Everyman's Library, opens the way to a better understanding of Finnish poetry and legend. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The admitted weakness of circumstantial evidence and the woeful mistakes caused by giving it undue weight, although matters of general knowledge, are so often forgotten that Baron Pale

Rosen-Krantz's "The Magistrates Own Case" may well be regarded with some seriousness by its author. He does not commit the mistake of presenting his argument and his story together but shows that the simple truth plainly and simply presented may cause two men to have the appearance of having independently committed the same crime, and at the same time may permit the real criminal to make an easy escape. Having made the situation plain, he declares his hostility for trial by jury, and leaves the reader to think about it. If he be too idle, he will assuredly find it pleasant to remember the story and the clever magistrate, its hero. McClure Co.

Mrs. Jacob's novels are few, but emphatically her own. She sees the world with her own eyes, and without going into the highways and byways to find new words she coins anew the well-worn gold of common speech and describes her vision in phrases which most writers of fiction would think should be reserved for dignified essays, and so one reads her books with double pleasure, for she always has a story to tell. In "The History of Aythan Waring," she presents to the reader a group of personages so linked by chance that ill-feeling and disagreement are unavoidable, and its presentation excites little repulsion because of the artificiality of the bond. Aythan, an honest gentleman of great muscular strength, finds himself hated by his false and indolent cousin, and by the second wife of his adopted father, and his efforts to detach himself from them lead him to the one maid for him, and very near to the scaffold, as it was in the Georgian days. About him, he being a land agent, moves the life of a small estate, with its little village in which no poor narrow soul reflects any other, and all live in a state of blundering detachment, too ignorant to

perceive their misery. They control their betters while they live, and in their death communicate contagion to some of them, and in the end only the lovers and an ancient curmudgeon converted to gentleness by their example remain. All of them, gentle folk, cheaters of the excise, ugly old women, a half crazed roadside wanderer, live henceforth for the reader, and the heroine, Barbara, the spirited and single-hearted, takes a place among the best heroines yet given to the English fiction of this century. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The novelist who puts his trust in lovely woman's knowledge displays rather less discretion than the talker who trusts in any little pitcher's lack of auditory nerves, as Mr. William De Morgan may discover before he ends discussion of "Somehow Good" by publishing another of those stories which he wrote years ago and is now negligently bestowing upon a grateful public. In his gentle Victorian confidence that everybody knows Tennyson, he gave his book a title from "In Memoriam" as Mr. Hardy gave "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" a second title, "A Pure Woman," from "The Bridge of Sighs," without fancying that he should provoke discussion as to his heroine's morality or as to his own in creating her. In consequence, Half-Rome is diligently asking the Other Half Rome, "What do you think?" in order to dissent from the answer, although the real interest of the book is not moral, but partly physical and partly psychological, and is centred about a case of suspended self-consciousness. By extraordinary good luck, the writer of the

summary on the paper "jacket" of the book seems to have read it, and justly and truly rehearses its story, so that a properly submissive person begins to read with an understanding mind, and follows the case intelligently, finding it curious in itself and an admirable addition to a story of young love, middle-aged love, and venerable goodness, spiced with the presence of some persons with foibles. One of Mr. De Morgan's merits is that his persons with foibles always belong to familiar species that every one knows, and carefully refrain from trying to reform lest life should be made less amusing. He admits that they are not agreeable, that they try his patience, but will the reader be so good as to notice how absurd they are? And the reader does notice, and the foible-afflicted persons continue on their amusing way, and manage the plot for the author, being the blind forces of humanity, and proportionately as strong as the blind forces of inanimate nature. "Is it as good as Alice-for-Short?" anxiously inquires the buyer in the shop, and the borrower in the library. It is better, treating its psychical puzzle with clear insight, and its subordinate matter with delightful ease, and presenting a new character in the heroine's daughter "Sally," a young woman of mind, and the ways of the girl reared in the Coburg days, beautiful, reasonable, feminine, but with a certain hardness unknown to any Brunswick heroine from Evelina to Evelyn Innes. If all novelists would but follow Mr. De Morgan's example and improve on the Twickenham maxim, by keeping their work until it is quite ripe! Henry Holt & Co.

